

From the Westminster Review.

MARY STUART.

1. *Histoire de Marie Stuart.* Par M. MIGNET. Paris. [*The History of Mary, Queen of Scots.* By F. A. MIGNET. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Richard Bentley, 1851.]
2. *Letters of Mary Stuart, selected from the "Recueil des Lettres de Marie Stuart."* By Prince ALEXANDER LABANOFF. Translated by WILLIAM TURNBULL. 8vo. London: Charles Dolman, 1845.
3. *Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots.* Edited by AGNES STRICKLAND. 2 vols. post 8vo. London: Henry Colburn, 1848.

EXCEPT on Machiavelli's principles, who can tell what political morality is! Private morality is a simple matter enough. We have canons universally acknowledged, which leave us in no manner of doubt, and right and wrong stand out with a sharpness of relief, which gives no excuse for uncertainty. But pass out into wider relations, and our unerring guides will hesitate, or contradict each other, or speak doubtfully. We cannot judge kings or statesmen as we judge each other; kings or statesmen have to act as emergencies demand, and the emergency must pronounce for itself on the right and the wrong. And again, subjects have sometimes to obey and sometimes to disobey, as the early Christians found, and there is no pronouncing generally on the when or the where or the how. Particular cases require their own treatment, and conscience, no longer, as it seems, with any single or determinate purpose, says to one man obey, to another suffer, to another resist, and to all speaking with equal peremptoriness. The pedant is ready with his maxim, "We may not do evil that good may come." Who doubts it! There is no lie like a truism misapplied. The real difficulty is to know what is evil and what is good; and to quote proverbs such as that to settle it, is to imply that we are hesitating between expediency and justice, and that we do know when we do not know at all. It is betraying the cause of "immutable morality" to intrude it where it has nothing to say. Immutable morality cannot decide when one state may interfere in the affairs of another, or when subjects may resist sovereigns; or, if such vexed questions are entertained with too much passion to be acknowledged uncertain, what are we to say to these? Is it right to intercept correspondence? to accept underhand information? to use spies and pay for them? to meet stratagem with stratagem and mine with countermine! Soldiers in war time must do these things; and statesmen who will carry empires through their times of crisis must dirt their fingers with them. The commander may despise the traitor, yet cannot do without him, and sovereigns, when conspiracies are abroad, must take what information they can get. Or again, for such punishments as must from time to time be inflicted: can we dare to say that the poor, tired, hungry sentinel at an outpost, who has let his thoughts stray away to old home, and wife, and fireside, and in these sweet remembrances has dozed into forgetfulness of duty, deserves the measure which must be dealt out to

him! In the severe exigencies of danger we cannot measure conduct by its moral deservings; and often so nicely balanced in times of party struggle are the obligations of duty, that friends and brothers will be parted, men of high noble purpose will be fighting against each other, and though as men they may still love and admire each other, yet as statesmen they may be forbidden to be merciful. Why is this? Because society is a thing so sacred, that at all hazards it must protect itself, no matter what sacrifice it compels; and the men who are brave enough to take the helm in the storm must follow its inexorable bidding. Disloyalty to the state or treason to the friend, this will be the hard alternative; and, let a man choose which he will, he will not fail of enemies to point hard conclusions at him. Add to this, that in political struggles that fearful element in the old Greek tragedy is almost always present, a nearness of blood between the respective opposites. And now suppose a case where every difficulty we have mentioned is present in its most intricate form; throw into it every passion at its boiling point which stirred between Popery and Protestantism; add a dissolution of an entire old social fabric—republicanism struggling like a young Hercules, with monsters in its cradle, and an old monarchy, strong in the sacredness which ages had hung around it, each able to claim to be, and each believing that it really was, the cause of God on earth; add violent under-currents setting between Scotland, and France, and England—strong in old associations and antipathies, and doubly strong now in the new religious element which had sprung up to enhance them; add clan rivalries splitting up the nobility, old rivalries of crown and nobility, which again divided them, and a vast *tiers état* in the Commons, rising in vindictive strength with its centuries of grievances to avenge; add for actors in the drama the largest number of remarkable persons, whether for good or evil, who have subsisted together on this earth since Cæsar's time; and remember that in times of anarchy, when old habits are broken up, and more or less every man for himself is his own law, the passions which routine, while routine subsists, can hold in check, have all their own free scope, rein broken, and harness shaken off; suppose all these forces crushing and grinding against each other in the explosion of a social earthquake, and in the middle of them a beautiful lady, and that lady a queen, with a character strung with every passion which a poet would most choose out for a tragedy;—and there are the wild elements among which the story of Mary Stuart was played out—a war of discords, which have made the estimates of herself and of her doings the most contradictory which perhaps have ever been offered of any human being. Nay, on her historians she has exerted personally the same fascination which she exerted in her life. Documents which passed the scrutiny of the ablest as well as noblest men then living in England and Scotland alike, which even she herself only faintly denied, and which at the time her best friends did not venture to deny for her, late writers have not been afraid to set aside as forgeries, on grounds which it is no use to meet with argument, since

there is no argument in them; and even a man like M. Mignet, who is obliged to let facts and documents pass as beyond question, yet cannot extricate his judgment to pass the sentence which, under any ordinary circumstances, would appear inevitable. He seems to have gone to work conscientiously intending to be fair, and true, and faithful; but he has not been able to resist the strange influences which hang round Mary; even when he knows better, he condescends to resolve the political into the personal, and accepting his inferences, he has produced a less intelligible figure for us, if a truer one, than any of his predecessors. He has accumulated his evidences, and he has attempted to integrate them; yet he continues to demand our sympathy when the facts which he acknowledges forbid it, while on Elizabeth, Cecil, Walsingham, Murray, and other chief actors in the story, he continues to heap the stereotyped invectives, which are only credible, and which only came to be accepted, in the belief that Mary had been shamefully calumniated. However, we will not quarrel with M. Mignet. He has given us what he had to give, and his faults are less injurious to him as a historian than many which are in themselves more respectable. He is so candid in his acknowledgments; that nothing is wanted but a tolerably sound judgment to correct everything which is amiss in him. Catholics and Protestants cannot see the facts which make against them, and they believe readily whatever best harmonizes with their religious convictions. But M. Mignet cares little for either Catholic or Protestant. His philosophy of history is of a larger kind. He can afford to admit facts on all sides, for he can see the imperfectness of theories. What we desire in him is rather a power of moral appreciation, and that just awarding of love and hatred which the actions of men demand of us. He sighs over the misfortunes of Mary, over the cruelty and tyranny with which she was treated; but he fails to see that if Mary was unfortunate, it was rather in being what she was, than in suffering what she suffered. God forbid that we should not call her unfortunate. It was a misfortune to have been bred up in that bad court of France, with Catherine de Medicis instead of a mother, and Cardinal Lorraine for a preceptor in profligacy. It was a misfortune to have been called by destiny to fill a place where she was in the focus of the intrigues of the world. Perhaps her own nature too, those gifts which she brought with her into this life—were no great blessing—that strange, beautiful face of hers, with a heart behind it (the expression is her own) “as hard as diamond.” Unfortunate she was, and it is no business of ours to add to her burden; only we have to look to this, that those others whose misfortunes, too, compelled them into dealings with her, shall not bear more than their just share of ill language for acting as they had no choice except to act, and in our anxiety to set off a suffering heroine, there is no necessity for us to inflict a pity on her, which her own fierce heart would have been the first to fling away and to despise.

Whether the Reformation could establish itself in England, whether England itself could hold its ground as an independent European power, had come to turn, as Henry the Eighth saw, on Scotland; with Scotland in alliance with the Catholic powers, and with half his own subjects disaffected, civil war was the slightest of the inevitable consequences; and as Scotland could not stand alone, it was a life and death matter with him to gain it.

In Scotland itself parties were nearly equally balanced; on one side there was the old French connection, and the Border feuds dating back beyond Bruce and Wallace; on the other, the civil and religious interest of the Commons on both sides of the Tweed set strongly towards union.

All the Catholics and nearly all the old noble families inclined to France; the Protestants, as far as they dared express themselves, and those wiser statesmen whose instincts pointed to what was really of happiest promise, saw their best hope in the uniting the entire island under one government. The death of James the Fifth, leaving Mary the infant heiress of the crown, gave Henry the opportunity he was craving for. He proposed that she should be contracted to the Prince of Wales, and between threats and entreaties he had almost won the consent of the queen-mother, when his death threw the negotiation into the foolish hands of the Duke of Somerset. As it moved too slowly for his wishes, he thought he could precipitate it by the gentle pressure of an invasion, and in winning the battle of Penckly he stirred up every most bitter anti-English recollection, and flung the country, heart and soul, into the old alliance with France. A French marriage was ready for Mary, as well as an English, yet with the result the English most dreaded, and France and Scotland, not England and Scotland, would now, as far as the divine right of sovereigns could bestow the fate of countries, pass under a single hand.

The accession of Mary Tudor, isolating as it did the Scotch Protestants from England, completed what Somerset's blunder had begun, and the prudent and tolerant regency of the queen-mother, who refrained from all extreme measures till her daughter was actually married to the Dauphin, and her ground, as she supposed, was secure, was spent in gaining that strong position for the Catholics, which made the struggle, when it came at last, so desperate. It seemed as if the tide had turned and was ebbing back to the old faith; Mary of England married to the most Catholic king, burning heretics at Oxford, and Mary of Scotland married to the heir of France, and John Knox chained in the galleys at Brest, it might have been well thought all over with the Reformation, and the Pope might well expect an obedient Europe at his feet again. And yet, in Scotland at least, there was a swift and noiseless dissolution hurrying on below all this of all Catholicism rested on, and the queen-mother might have seen the symptoms of it even in her own edicts, if she could have read the signs of the times. The old country games were broken up; the Queen of the May was proscribed as licentious; the Abbot of Unreason was to cease his unbecoming pranks; “those antient festivals in which the women sang about the summer trees” disturbed the royal progresses through the country. Slight surface changes, but how much is signified by them! for old customs are as the blossoms on the tree of a nation's life, and when they wither and fall off, death and change are at the roots.

So things went silently, however, till 1558, when Mary Stuart became Dauphiness of France, and the Guises, honorable champions of such a cause, formed the Catholic League to put down the Reformation. In an evil hour, and with many heart-sinkings, it was signed by Mary of Lorraine, and Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrew's, (let us mark him, for we shall meet him again hereafter,) inaugurated the new crusade by burning a poor old preacher, Walter Milne. Like the French

Cardinal, the Scotch Primate had the undesirable reputation of being the most profligate person in the kingdom, and it was so detestable a thing to see this bad man sitting in judgment on an aged saint, that no civil magistrate could be found to execute the decree of the archbishop's court. The difficulty was obviated by giving some irregular civil office to a worthless underling of the Hamiltons; and the execution was accompanied with a decree, enforcing a return to uniformity, under death penalties. But the time was gone in Scotland when imperial edicts could make men pray as kings or priests were pleased to order, and this burning of Walter Milne lit a fire, which was not quenched so long as mass-book remained unconsumed.

It was ill-timed in many ways; there was another change taking effect in England of ill promise to Catholic reaction—Mary Tudor was dying; and the queen-mother herself had been imprudent; her patronage, so the northern lords thought, had been exercised too liberally towards the French, and she had affronted the strongest of the Catholic nobility at the time when she most needed them. The issue of the edict for uniformity was the signal for the first league, and Scotland went off like a flash of gunpowder. The Lords of the Congregation, as they were called, Knox's converts out of the higher classes, assembled at once, and declared in peremptory language to the Regent, that "it was their duty to hinder such ungodly doings," and that they should not be. Knox, who had been biding his time at Geneva, reappeared upon the instant, and the southern counties rose as one man. Mary was frightened, affected a compromise, gave her word to them, and then broke it, and in a few months the whole Lowlands were swarming with mobs of Puritans, burning monasteries and destroying cathedrals. The Protestant League was again sworn at Edinburgh, Lord James Stuart, who had remained true to the Regent till her breach of faith at Perth, joining it, as well as Kirkcaldy, Lord of Grange, the two ablest and truest-hearted men in the kingdom. An explosion so sudden and so violent could not pass without notice in England, when they were forced to be watching Scotland so anxiously; and Cecil, in Elizabeth's name, sent to inquire the meaning of these lawless doings. He was answered promptly, that they meant no disloyalty; they (the combined lords) meant only that they would have their religion reformed; they would be rid of the French; they would be rid of the mass; that was all, but that they would have. "The Reformation is somewhat rough," writes Knox to Cecil, "because the adversaries are stubborn," thinking no farther explanation necessary; and the Lord of Grange, after declaring that they would go through with the work which they had begun, concludes, "and all Europe shall know that a league made in the name of God hath another foundation and assurance than pactions made by man for worldly commodity."

So things went in Scotland in the spring and summer of 1559. It was a desperate move, for they had flung down the gauntlet, not only to their own home government, and whatever Catholics were left to support it, but to the whole power of France. Their queen was now the French queen, and she and her husband vowed that while there was a soldier left to them they would never cease till they had crushed this insolent rebellion. Elizabeth was the only hope for Scottish Protestantism, and to Elizabeth it turned. Yet it would probably

have turned in vain, in spite of Cecil and political necessities. Elizabeth hated rebels, no matter what their cause was, and she would most likely have left them to their fate, if Mary had given her the opportunity of choosing. No sooner had she become queen of England, than Mary had been pleased to quarter in the English arms with her own; and this was not an idle affront to the legitimacy of Elizabeth; it was a deliberate claim, recognized by all the Catholics in Europe, and which she was prepared, with the help of France, Spain, and Austria, all Ireland and half England, to enforce by arms the first convenient opportunity. There are political impossibilities as well as physical; it was impossible for Elizabeth, in the position into which Mary had forced her, to let a French invasion triumph in Scotland; her duty to her country and her duty to the Protestant faith alike forbade it. Excommunication was already hanging over her, which was only held from falling by the Spanish king till she had given a definite answer to his wooing, and as she had no doubt about the answer she meant to give, she was forced to prepare for the worst. For excommunication, as she well knew, meant something; it meant that her person was proscribed, and that whatever blessings the Court of Rome had to confer in this world or in the other, would be given freely to any pious Catholic who would merit heaven by assassinating her. But Elizabeth was a Tudor; she believed in the divine right of sovereigns as implicitly as in any article of the creed, and she was more loyal to Mary than her own subjects were. Puritanism had already opened its perilous doctrine, that God must be obeyed before man—perilous enough, when each man has to determine for himself what God's commands are—and for doctrines like this Elizabeth had no taste; if she was to fight the battles of the Reformation, she would have it a decent and orderly one, and it required all Cecil's influence to get the insurgent lords a hearing. First of all she required to know what their intentions were. "They were minded, as she heard, to a change in government, as well as a change in religion, and she must know the truth of it." The reply was sent to Cecil; it is written in Knox's hand, and signed by Lord James Stuart, Maitland, Morton, Argyle, Grange Ruthven, and the rest, showing with sufficient distinctness the temper in which they were going about their work.

True it is that as yet we have made no mention of any change of authority, neither hath any such thing entered into our hearts, except that extreme necessity compel us thereto; but perceiving that France, the Queen Regent here, together with her priests and Frenchmen, pretend nothing else but the suppression of Christ's Evangel, the maintenance of idolatry, the ruin of us, and the utter subversion of this poor realm, we are fully purposed to seek the next remedy to withstand their tyranny; in which matter we unfeignedly require your counsel and furtherance at the queen and council's hands.

Whether, after such plain speaking, Elizabeth had any right to support them, we shall judge variously according to our tempers. She did support them, as we know, and so efficiently, that before the year was out Mary of Lorraine was deposed from the regency, the French were expelled, and the treaty of Edinburgh was drawn up, in which it was decided that no Frenchman thenceforth should hold any office in the kingdom, that the mass should be interdicted, and that, saving

Mary Stuart's rights in Scotland, (*which were insisted on by Elizabeth*.) she should cease to quarter the arms of England, and by a formal act renounce the claim which she had formally preferred, so long as Elizabeth or issue of her should survive.

This is the charge against Elizabeth, of fomenting discord in her sister's kingdom, the first of a long list against her for her ill dealings with Mary Stuart. This is what she did, and we have seen why she did it. Whether it was right or wrong, as we said, we judge variously according to our creeds, religious or political; but men who represent it as a poor act of personal rivalry from queen to queen, simply know nothing whatever about the matter.

So closed the first act of the Scottish Reformation. The second opened with happier prospects. Francis the Second died in the end of 1560, and Mary was left a widow, but without a child in whom the formidable union of France and Scotland would have been consummated. The Queen of Scotland was now only Queen-Dowager of France, and as their own independent sovereign, with no other ties or interests, her subjects could receive her among them with undivided hearts. There was no further question, if ever there had been a question, of fidelity to Mary. It was now only a matter of conditions, and these her brother, Lord James Stuart, was able to make easy for her. The more rigid of the Calvinists insisted that, as the mass was banished out of the kingdom, it should not be reintroduced, even in the queen's household; but Lord James contrived to prevent so intolerant a condition, and his austere virtue was accepted as a guarantee that the favor should not be abused. He at once proceeded to Paris to urge his sister's return, and, as far as we can see, to explain to her as truthfully as possible the real state of the kingdom. Irrecoverably Protestant, it was only as a Protestant country that it could be governed; nothing could alter that; but if she could make up her mind to that, she would find it true, faithful, and loyal. Unhappily for herself she could not make up her mind to it at all, and she found it quite other than loyal.

Lord James Stuart, better known to us as Earl of Murray, was natural brother to the Queen of Scotland; we meet him first under the title of Prior of St. Andrews; these ecclesiastical offices having been the recognized mode of provision for the indirect offspring of the later Scottish princes; not implying of necessity that the holders of the benefices should be qualified professionally; it was a species of lay impropriation, which the church had no objection to recognize in return for protection; yet a more barefaced parade of the uselessness into which these once high offices had degenerated can hardly be conceived. The verdict of the present seems singularly to reverse the judgment of contemporaries in its estimate of every most important person who had to do with Mary. Next to Elizabeth, Murray has fallen in for the heaviest share of hard epithets, and has been accused of hollow-ness, insincerity, ambition, and unnatural cruelty. Intrigues have been laid to his charge which, if real, would have been only not devilish, because they were so foolish; and Mignet, with the rest of the modern writers, has been unable to see in him, or in any other actor in those dark scenes, any honesty or straightforwardness. They could not have been honest, and therefore they were not; and the higher character they bore, the deeper their hypocrisy. Such is the reasoning. Murray

was eleven years older than the queen; he surrendered his priorship as soon as he was old enough to understand its nature, and, becoming early one of Knox's congregation, we find him, at his first entrance into public life, tempering the extreme form of party passion, mediating wherever mediation was possible, and commanding the respect of Cecil as the wisest, and of people generally as the justest, man in Scotland. Thus, at the first outbreak with Mary of Guise, he forced his party, in spite of Knox, to take her word that she was dealing in good faith with them; she broke it publicly, and fell with ignominy. He was present at his sister's marriage. He had been able afterwards to secure for her the free exercise of her religion; and if she could only have forced herself to trust him, she might have looked through the world before she could have found a wiser or more faithful guide.

But Mary could trust no one who could not consent to be her instrument. He had brought to Paris with him the treaty of Edinburgh, but she would not sign it. She was quite open with him; she hated the Reformation and the reformers; and above all she would not surrender her English claims. Instead of taking his advice, she tried her power of fascination to win him. The Guises tempted him with a cardinal's red hat; and when both failed, Murray's presence became displeasing. Throgmorton, the English ambassador, has to write to Elizabeth:—

She (Mary) hath changed her opinion of the Lord James, because she could by no means dissuade him from his devotion to your majesty and the observation of the league between your majesty and the realm of Scotland: and that neither she nor the Cardinal Lorraine could divert him from his religion.

Mary was young to intrigue. She learnt her lesson better afterwards; but she had not as yet made experience of the rough metal she had to deal with in her subjects and her neighbors; and supposed that she could go the straight way toward all her ends. Presently came the difficulty of the return, and Elizabeth's opposition to it, of which so much has been said; yet what could Elizabeth do? Mary had called herself publicly Queen of England. When urged to withdraw from so dangerous a position, she had given nothing but refusals, and only complained that Elizabeth "made more account of her rebellious subjects than of her, their sovereign." It was not to be wondered at that Cecil should have to write, that "till it was done, the queen could not show her any pleasure, nor allow her to pass through her dominions." She was returning in a position of open hostility; and, if she meant anything by the title which she had taken upon herself, she meant civil war the first convenient opportunity. Whatever became of the personal question, if personal feeling entered into the matter at all, it was Elizabeth's plain duty, if she really believed that she had a right to be where she was, not to permit Mary's landing upon the island if she could hinder it.

However, Mary landed. Elizabeth, though the strictest justice would have permitted her to employ severe measures at once, waited to see how she would go on—and, whether from prudence, or because Cardinal Lorraine had given her her lesson, or from whatever reason, she put herself in Murray's hands, and all went well with her. The Protestants bored her with their psalm-singing, but she contrived to bear it; she had her chapel and her



chaplain, and she kept them, though Murray, on one occasion, had to stand in the door and hold back the mob from breaking in upon it. It was a strange position, indeed, into which the plan of hereditary succession had forced her. She was an alien in everything but birth, with no one hope or fear in this world or in the other which she held in common with those who were called her people; and, in the question which lay nearest the hearts both of subjects and sovereign, each acknowledged a higher allegiance, which might at any moment precipitate them into collision. If she had cared for happiness she would have shrunk from it all; as a Catholic she was not likely to find it, as she must have foreseen, where she was; but Mary's nature was not of the sort to consider much what the world calls happiness. To spirits such as hers one plunge in excitement is worth a century of still life; and danger only serves to give charm to enterprise and edge to pleasure.

She accepted the "constitutional" theory of things, however, as long as no other was possible for her; and, indeed, for a time, she seems to have liked Murray, as Murray was undoubtedly faithful to her. He worked incessantly to bring her to a better understanding with John Knox; he saved her from unpleasant sumptuary laws, with which the Calvinists would have cut down her finery; with less success, he did all he could to smooth matters between her and the English queen.

Personally there is no evidence that, at least at this time, Elizabeth bore anything but good-will to Mary; she felt as kindly towards her as Mary's own acts would let her feel; but they were in an unfortunate position of antagonism, from which Mary would not, and Elizabeth could not, recede. Nevertheless, she wrote with great affection to her, and wrote just as warmly of her; nay, as Mary never, to the last, would sign the Edinburgh treaty, she treated her with very great forbearance. The succession became the grievance. Mary required Elizabeth to nominate her, Elizabeth reasonably insisted that Mary must first acknowledge her present right, and so the matter lay between them, fermenting with gall and bitterness.

But the really important thing was Mary's second marriage. The Catholic princes, one by one, were trying for her; at all times a beautiful lady with a kingdom for a dowry is likely to attract suitors—at that time the issue of a world-struggle seemed involved in it. It is the curse of princes, this of marrying; leaving policy, as they must leave it, to choose for them. Heart, love, affection, are unknown words in the necessities of state; the holiest and purest human rites are polluted into idol sacrifices; and who shall say where the guilt lies when the outraged passions burst out into crime and catastrophe? Mary Stuart brought a heart with her into the world, soft perhaps as other women's hearts, but it had been steeled by an education which had commenced from her cradle, which taught her that she might never indulge it. Better far it had been for her if it had been extinguished altogether, but it was beyond human art to extinguish, and it woke from its political enchantment to a dreadful revenge.

As yet she knew nothing of it, further than an elegant dalliance with a young poet, Chitellar, which scandalized the Puritans, and cost him, poor boy, his life. She had made no experience of love, and she was quite ready to choose a second time, as she had chosen the first, by convenience. A singular document in Prince Labanoff's collec-

tion throws the fullest light on her state of mind. It is a set of notes in her handwriting apparently her private meditations, on the claims and advantages of her several suitors. Spain, France, Denmark, pass under review; then comes a prince of Austria, to whom she was otherwise well inclined, "but that he is without power or interest to further my claims on the sovereignty of this island." Poor Mary! This was all she thought of. She had been pretending affection for Elizabeth; but, at the bottom, the old mischief was working, leading her along a dark road to a dark end. It was the ἀρχὴ ὀδυράων—the beginning of all her sorrows.

In all ways Mary was now growing weary of submission to what she hated. She had her Italian Ritzio about her, and she had been carrying on negotiations with Rome. Murray knew it, and could not prevent it. She had been corresponding, too, with Philip the Second, who had been supplying her with money to be used in her service in England, and then came the proposal for the Darnley marriage, which has been represented as a love-match, but which was nothing of the kind. Darnley was no more than a boy, with little enough in him to attract such a woman as Mary, but he was the next heir after herself to the English throne; the Lennoxes were deeply in the confidence of the English Catholics, and a marriage with him would double the strength of her position, while the boy himself, as she supposed, would be as clay in her hands. This, of course, was the reason why Ritzio urged this match, why Elizabeth was so angry about it, why the English party in Scotland felt so strongly what was involved in it, that they tried all means, even force, to prevent it. Mary was launching out on the one fatal course from which Murray had all along been laboring to lead her, but unhappily such was the state of things, there were no means except force by which she could be held back from it. Murray rose, but it was not a question which the people could understand. Scarcely any one joined him, and in a week his party was scattered and he found himself an exile in England.

And here was another instance, according to Mr. Tytler and the rest, of Elizabeth's hypocrisy. She had encouraged Murray in rebellion, they tell us; but when it failed, and the French and English ambassadors complained of what she had done, she dressed up a scene in which Murray was forced to deny in their presence the assistance which both he and she knew well enough to have been given. *Credat Judæus*. When these tortuous constructions of human conduct are offered us, they must at least be made intelligible according to some known principles of our nature, and, in the absence alike of internal probability or outward evidence, we must decline to believe such gratuitous baseness. Elizabeth's own account of her own actions seems entirely natural. "Keep your sovereign," she always said, "by all lawful means, from doing wrong, and you shall have all the help which I can give you, but it is no part of a subject's duty to oppose her by force." This was her uniform principle, and it explains perfectly her displeasure with Murray, and the scenes in which Mr. Tytler declares her to have been so false and hypocritical. But her brief triumph was fatal to Mary. The most dangerous of the Presbyterian nobles were banished. Murray gone, her marriage was carried through with a high hand. The way seemed now clear to her; she threw off the mask of toler-

ation, and, urged by Ritzio, she repeated the same act which had already cost her mother the regency, and formally joined the Catholic League. And now, if Darnley had only been what they all supposed! All parties knew his weakness, and all calculated on it. The Protestants feared it, the Catholics built their hopes on it. Only if weak men did but know themselves what they were! But Darnley, poor boy, (he was but nineteen,) had spent his short life fluttering about a court, filling himself with every most foolish notion of show, and vanity, and self-indulgence. His notions of kingship were much what his nursery books might have described it, an affair of crown, and dress, and banquets, and everlasting pleasures. Mary, he had arranged with himself, was to settle into the obedient wife, leaving power and place to the stronger vessel, and he was to be a king, and life was to be a festival.

These visions being abruptly dispelled, he took to loose ways, to drinking, and to much else which was unbecoming, and the crown matrimonial (he showing himself so unfit to wear it) Mary shortly refused him. For all her purposes he was equally useless and intractable.

But he, not seeing his own unfitness, in his mortification flung himself into the intrigues which were boiling round the court. Without principle, without power of seeing anything (how should he see!) except that he was a most ill-used husband, and that certain of his faithful Protestant subjects, if he would give them his countenance, were ready to have him righted, within five months of his marriage he was the blindly willing tool in the hands of the fiercest of the Presbyterian fanatics. Murray, who alone was able to check them, was in exile, and it was not the Catholics only who in those dark times thought any means lawful to rid themselves of dangerous enemies. In periods of convulsion the fate of parties and kingdoms hangs on individual men. When institutions, habits, faiths, fail and are broken, persons only are powers, and the destruction of a life is often a revolution and a victory. Each side considered the other the enemy of the Lord, and Knox was ready with Scripture proof to show that when the law could not reach such, the Lord's servants must take the matter into their own hands.

Ritzio, for the present, as the Pope's emissary, was the obnoxious person—the wretched Darnley let it be believed (perhaps he believed it himself, and it suited the purpose of the rest that the world should believe it) that Ritzio had touched his honor, and therefore Ritzio was to be killed and the queen's person secured. Not a word of all this was lost to Elizabeth's ministers. There was not a plot the details of which were not sent to them. As we said, in such internecine times the ways of statesmen are perplexed and difficult—difficult to find and more difficult to judge. But there is something terrible in the attitude of the English government towards this unhappy court of Scotland; hovering over it, watching its struggles with a dreadful calmness, till its own turn came. Mary had suspected the English ambassador of correspondence with "her rebels," and had required him peremptorily to give her his promise that all such under-dealings should cease. Randolph's haughty answer did not look like under-dealing. She had threatened, if he did not promise, that he should have a guard over him. "I will promise nothing," he said, "either on honor, honesty, word, or writing; and for guards to attend me, they shall fare

full ill unless better and stronger armed than my own servants." Alas, why could not Mary feel how ill she could afford to venture on the game which she was playing, when she was forced to endure language such as this! And, now Randolph writes to Leicester, in February, 1566:—

I know the queen repenteth her marriage. She hateth him and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself, that he hath a partaker in play and game with him. I know that there are practices in hand contrived between the father and the son to come by the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the king, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievous and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than to write to Mr. Secretary, I speak not of them but now to your lordship.

What was intended did take effect, as we know, in the murder of the poor David. But Darnley had better have been playing his tricks with an untamed tigress than with Mary Stuart. An Italian secretary might be dispatched without much difficulty, but it required a bird of another flight than such a poor mousing owl to strike her down when she was towering.

So far she had played her game in Scotland skilfully and successfully. A really sincere Catholic, (it would be unjust to question it,) underneath her seeming toleration, she had been watching her time and giving herself heart and soul to the Italian cause. If she was personally ambitious, her desires for herself were of that large pitch which were coincident with the interests of half Europe, and, light as she appeared on the surface, her deeper passions had set steadily on this wide-world question. Bold, remorseless, and unscrupulous, she persisted, through evil and good, by fair means and by foul, in the pursuit of an object—the restoration of the Catholic religion in the whole island of Great Britain. How any real religious faith could have existed in sincerity in such a person, is a question which would lead us far into Ethical Metaphysics. But of the fact there is no doubt at all, and she is not the first evidence that with creeds—not the Roman Catholic only, but with all whatsoever—which rest the salvation of the human soul on anything except or beyond practical obedience, whether it be church system or sacraments, or right belief, or right forms and ceremonies, whatever it be, there is a strong undercurrent of Antinomianism running through every one of us which will tend to make our devotion to this outside form of religion in the inverse ratio of its influence on the conduct. So long as there are two ways of pleasing God, how many of us will not find it more agreeable to purchase indulgence for our passions by the exactness of our orthodoxy, and choose rather to please Him like Jehu by killing Baal's worshippers, than by departing from our own sins. We said above, if Darnley had been what he was supposed to be—and now we have another if. If Mary had been able to hold herself consistently in the same tenor in which she began and in which she closed her life, she might have plotted and conspired; given all rein to her intellect to wind among those sinuous intrigues in which it so delighted; and if her course had ended where it did end, or even if she had not, as she easily might have, changed the whole course of European history, if it had ended in assassination or on the scaffold, she might have laid a real claim

to the reputation of martyrdom, which, as it is, she receives from the Roman Catholics; and with the unbelieving world she would have had an honorable memory. Devotion to a cause is always respectable; it always demands self-sacrifice and self-restraint, and implies something of the heroic. Mary might have had as fair a fame as Elizabeth—though Elizabeth's was the winning cause and Mary's the losing. But underneath Mary there lay an entire wild woman's passionate nature, unknown, unthought of, and uncontrolled, ready waiting to explode.

In a few more months Darnley was left without a friend and without a party. Mary had prevailed on him to deny his connection with Rizzio's murder. She never doubted it, but she entangled him in a denial of it which earned him the hatred of those whom he betrayed, and then, producing the covenant for the murder, with his own signature attached to it, she left him to digest his shame as he might. The prince, our James the First of inglorious memory, was born, but the father was not permitted to have anything to do with his child, and Mary holding aloof and not concealing her disgust with the chain with which she had bound herself, Murray, who had returned to her after the Rizzio affair, and in whom she again professed to feel confidence, proposed to relieve her by a divorce before bad grew to worse; again he was at hand as her guardian genius; again she listened, but only turned away, and followed her own counsels. It is difficult to see what was passing in her mind at this time. She pretended that she would go back to France and wait there, in a hope that Darnley might come to a better mind—a proposal in which no one who knew her could believe her sincere, unless there were other feelings struggling in her, and it was a faint effort of her better nature crying to her to fly from temptation. But the air was growing fearfully electric. Randolph writes: "Things cannot go on much longer as they are." She was heard often wishing she was dead, and then on the sudden she recalled Morton and Ruthven, who had nothing to recommend them to her, except that they were her husband's deadliest enemies. To Murray it seemed all so threatening that, as soon as his divorce proposal failed, he withdrew altogether and left his sister to go her own way.

Here are two specimens of what was passing in the middle of this year, 1556. The first at Craigmillar, shortly after Bothwell's wound and Mary's visit to him. This was before Murray was gone, and he must have been at Craigmillar, though not taking part in this conversation, as is evident from the tenor of it. The persons are the Lord of Lethington, the carnal Maitland, as Knox called him, and the Queen of Scotland; and the subject between them the unhappy so-called king. She had spoken of retiring to France, and of her alarm for her son. Maitland's devil tongue whispers that if she will trust them they will find the means to quit her of him without prejudice of her son.

"But what would my Lord of Murray here present think of it?" was suggested.

"My Lord of Murray," says Maitland, "for all he is so scrupulous as a Protestant as your grace is for a Papist, will look through his fingers and say nothing."

"Better leave the matter as it is," answered the queen, "till God in his goodness find remedy thereto, than that ye proposing to do me service, it may turn possibly to my hurt and displeasure."

"Madam," said Maitland, "let us guide the business among us; and your grace shall see nothing but good and approved by Parliament."

That day the bond was drawn for Darnley's death. Sir James Balfour drew it; it was signed by Maitland, Bothwell, Argyle, Huntly, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews, not by Murray, then or after, nor by Morton, though he was executed for it. But Mary, her friends say, refused. Alas! is it not a fatal complicity to have listened? They knew her temper and the meaning of these faint refusals.

In the autumn, Lindsay, Ruthven, and Morton came back from England. They were allowed to return to join in the murder if they would join; if they would not, (as seems from Bothwell's remonstrance sent in to the King of Denmark in his imprisonment,) that it might be laid to their revenge. Whether it was proposed or not to the others there is no evidence to show, but to the dark terrible Morton it undoubtedly was. "Nursed in blood and in the shedding of it," as Cecil described him, he was a man worth gaining in such a business; and, high in the confidence of Knox and of the ultras, his countenance would stand them in good stead in case of danger. But Morton, whatever he was, would shed no blood in his own private quarrels. Bothwell told him that the queen approved, but he declined believing that without a note under the queen's hand; and Lethington and Bothwell undertook that he should have it. But for once Mary's prudence saved her; they went to Holyrood to see her about it, and returned with answer that the queen would hear nothing about the matter. Another refusal, exclaim her advocates, but again, unhappily, a damning one. We must follow through this sickening business in close detail, for everything depends upon it. If Mary was innocent she was ill-used indeed.

The year was turning now, and it was all bitter winter with her internally as well as externally. On the 20th of January (the date is important) she wrote to the Archbishop of Glasgow of her husband with an animosity which she was at no pains to conceal. In the same January came the affair with Lutyni, one of the queen's household, whom Sir William Drury had to arrest at Berwick, and on whose person he found evidence that some life-and-death mystery was going forward, of which he wrote on the instant to Cecil, though what it was, for the present, he was unable to discover. And now, as in what follows we intend to quote the letters which were found in the celebrated casket, it is as well that we should anticipate the story and say a few words as to why we receive them as genuine: Mignet has condescended to prove them so at the tribunal at which Mary's modern friends have pronounced them forgeries; it is enough for us to state—that those who call them forgeries must be prepared to maintain and to explain away—that the whole of the leaders of the Protestant party in Scotland, including John Knox, were guilty of a gratuitous forgery in support of an accusation of which they had already sufficient evidence; that in this forgery, or in conniving at it, the Scotch Parliament, who examined the letters in the originals, the clergy, and, last of all, the entire Scotch nation, allowed themselves to be implicated, for they were publicly printed in 1572, and never till long after denied. Mary had many friends in the Parliament, and there was a long and violent debate as to what should be done with her; but no question was raised as to the genuineness of

the letters, (although the objections now urged against them are of so obvious a kind that if there is anything in them at all they would be obvious to a child,) and we are to suppose that Mary had no friend living whose ability was equal to suggesting any.

Lord Grange, who afterwards died in her cause, must have been implicated in the forgery, if it was one, and yet never, not even on the scaffold, dropped a hint of foul play.

The letters were examined privately by the York Commissioners, men of the highest rank in England; and one of whom was at that very time in secret correspondence with Mary herself; yet neither he nor the other two found anything to urge against them.

For greater security in so grave a cause, the investigation was transferred to London and laid before the Queen's Council. The Roman Catholic peers were summoned among the rest, and after mature and patient examination, the originals having been carefully compared with letters undoubtedly written in Mary's hand to the Queen of England, they were pronounced unquestionably and certainly hers; and, therefore, we are to suppose that the leading nobility of England, the ablest lawyers, the bishops, Elizabeth herself, and her ministers, all those to whom we may say the very security of the Protestant faith was entrusted, and who carried England through the worst years of trial it has ever known, deliberately united in a fraud without parallel for baseness in all history, while Mary's own commissioners, instructed by herself, were so infatuated as to neglect the only ground on which it was possible for them to stand, and by their own silence or evasion to confirm every worst conclusion against her.

It is a task beyond our patience to argue with persons who accept such positions as these as if there was no difficulty in them at all. One may say decidedly that there are no historical documents of any country, age, or language, which have undergone such an ordeal, and the genuineness of which rests on evidence so overwhelming.

It is the end of January, 1567, and in the dull winter weather Darnley is lying sick of small-pox at his father's house, in Glasgow—sick in body, and sick in mind too, for the world had become but a dismal, lonely home for him. The poor "long lad," as Elizabeth called him! It was but two years back when, as first prince of the blood, he was flaunting with mace and sword at Leicester's coronetting; since then he had been mocked with the titles of queen's husband and King of Scotland; and set to walk, as he had been, among such vain shadows, had fallen into wild and wicked ways.

Alas! it would have needed a stronger head than God had given poor Darnley to have carried him straight through such storms and whirlpools as he had been thrown among; and it would go ill with many of us if all the sins into which we had fallen before we had turned twenty years were to stand against us in everlasting remembrance, if so young we had been pronounced past hope and to have forfeited our chance of mending. His dreams of pleasure had come rapidly to an end. They were all flown, and in these sick hours he was learning, as it seems, to understand what they had been made of; he had asked himself how it was that he had fallen into such neglect and shame; had left off blaming others for it, and had begun to blame himself, perhaps more than he deserved. It was

long since he had seen his wife. He heard from time to time the bitter things she said of him, and rumors had flitted in about his sick bed of covenants, such as he had once signed for another's murder, now drawn up for his own, and offered at least for signature, where least of all the sound of such things should have been whispered. Morton was at home again, and Ruthven, and dangers on all sides; and as soon as he could leave his bed he was going away to France, where, in new scenes and with new chances, he might make something better out of life than he had made.

There must have been something true and good in Darnley, or he would not have attached such a man as Crawford to him. It was the same Crawford who afterwards stormed Dumbarton Castle,\* performing feats there of which Wallace might have been proud, and it is from his evidence before the commissioners at York that we learn what we are going to tell. Darnley was a little better, out of danger, but unable to leave his room. Enfeebled with illness, he was disturbed with a sudden intimation that Mary was coming to see him. He was alarmed; and sent Crawford to ask questions, and, if he could, to excuse him from receiving her—an unwise move in him, cowardice being the last feeling which a man can afford to betray to a woman. "He is afraid," Mary answered scornfully; "there is no medicine against fear; however, there is no need for any." Something in her manner so struck Crawford that he took her words down and noted them. He conducted her to Darnley's room and there left her. It seemed like a visit of affection; she spoke gently to him of his faults, gently and with promises of forgiveness; he was young and there were hopes for him, and they both had enemies; bitterness had been sown between them; she had come of her own accord to make the first move towards a return to a kinder feeling. It was very strange, and most unlike Mary. Perhaps there was something in the glitter of that deep blue eye, perhaps in his feeble convalescence some power of inner sight hung about his senses, at any rate she could, not reassure him. He talked of murders—

told sad stories of the death of kings,  
How some were poisoned by their wives, some sleeping  
killed.

There was a plot, he said, against his own life, and he had been told that she knew of it, and then he piteously reminded her that she was his own flesh and blood.

Yet her soft words and her soft caresses prevailed with him at last; he begged her to forgive him; she promised, and he promised for the future; as soon as he was well she was to receive him back again, and all was to be as it had been. When he could travel, she said they would leave Glasgow together, and they would spend a week or two at Craigmillar; and so tenderly she left him, promising another visit very soon. When Crawford returned, Darnley related to him what had passed.

"What is this Craigmillar plan?" said he. "It is strange; why not go to one of your own houses?"

\* This was in 1571. . . . It was at Dumbarton that the papers were found which led to the full detection of Norfolk's conspiracy. The Archbishop of St. Andrews was also taken there, of whom we read with no little satisfaction that he was carried thence to Stirling and forthwith hanged; some one writing under his body on the gallows:—

*Cresce diu felix arbor semperque viseto  
Frondibus, quæ nobis talia poma ferat.*



"It struck me so," answered Darnley; "and I have fears enough. May God judge between us. I have her promise only to trust to, but I have put myself into her hands, and I shall go with her, though she should murder me."

So things went in the sick man's room. Now let us follow Mary to her cabinet. She sits down and writes a letter to the Earl of Bothwell. "Being departed," she tells him, "from the place where she had left her heart, it was easy to be judged what was her countenance, seeing she was no more than a body without a soul." She then describes her journey to Glasgow and her visit to her husband, (very nearly in Crawford's words,) and goes on:—

I have never seen him carry himself better, or heard him speak so well; and if I had not had proof that his heart is soft as wax, while mine is as hard as diamond, whereunto no shot can make breach but that which comes from your hand, I would almost have had pity on him.

And there she ends, bidding Bothwell not fear, "for the place should hold to the death."

The month crept out; she grew anxious; the stake was too heavy to venture the chances of a false throw. Again she wrote, "Praying the Lord Bothwell to advertise her what he did deliberate to do in the matter he knoweth of upon this point, to the end that the one of them may well understand the other, so as nothing fail in default thereof."

By the end of the month everything had been arranged; and on the 30th of January—a fatal day to the Stuarts—the last of these sad letters went off on its mournful errand.

She was now going (she writes) on her fashious and loathsome purpose, (deliberation odieuse—the translation is Sir Ralph Sadler's, and he has thrown his own feeling as well as hers into it,) which she did abhor, and therein she was doing the office of a traitress. If it were not to obey him she had rather be dead than do it, for her heart did bleed at it. She cannot rejoice to deceive anybody that trusteth her; but Bothwell may command her in all things, only *she bade him have no ill opinion of her for that cause, for that he was the occasion of it himself; because for her own particular revenge she would not do it.*

Unhappy woman! sunk down from her high estate thus foully low, her good name gone forever, her honor stained, her cause betrayed, and crown and life and all imperilled in this infatuating passion. For she loved this Bothwell—why, it is hard to see—but she loved him; "she would follow him round the world," she said herself, "in a white petticoat, sooner than forsake him." And a dreadful revelation it was to her of the meaning and of the power of love. Strange satire on what claims exclusively the name of human virtue! These ungodly passions call out efforts of self-sacrifice to the full as complete as those decent affections which walk orderly in the rule of duty. She who would kill her husband would give her own life for her love. Perhaps we may take her own words, and she would sooner have given her life for him than what she gave—the last wreck of her self-esteem. Shakspeare never struck a deeper note than that wild prayer of hers, that Bothwell "would not think ill of her for what she was doing for him." So pleads the heart for Mary Stuart, if this be indeed the worst of her, clinging still to her, in spite of all, though with shame and sorrow. Yes, if it were the worst; but there are

icy touches in the last act of the Darnley tragedy, which shrivel up our sympathies as an April frost wind shrivels the young leaves.

There had been some change in the plan in the last ten days; possibly the conveniences at Craigmillar were inferior to those at Kirk-of-Field. It was to this place that they carried Darnley on the last of January, 1567. There was a villa there of the Duke of Chatelherault's, to which, as a matter of course, his litter was being conveyed, when, to their own and to his surprise, the bearers were ordered to carry him to a small gloomy house, lying detached in the middle of a garden, belonging to a certain Robert Balfour, a brother of that Sir James Balfour, who, as we remember, some few months before, had drawn the bond for the murder.

It is as well to observe the arrangement of this house, of which Nelson, one of the chamberlains, who was found unhurt amidst the ruins of it, has left us a sufficiently close account. The main door opened from the garden, and close to it, inside, there was another smaller door at the end of a passage, which led off to a detached suite of apartments, contrived for separate use, like those in the Inns of Court. Opening from this passage there was a large ground-floor room; at the end of it a staircase, leading to a landing, and another room immediately over the other. Where the servants' offices were does not appear, probably in some other part of the house. What is principally noticeable is, the relative position of the two rooms, and their entire isolation. The upper one was for Darnley; Mary was below him, on the ground-floor.

Darnley's sickness lingered; he was still unable to leave his bed. The winter waned slowly, and the sallow February twilights were lengthening mournfully out. It was Sunday, the tenth of the month. The king heard mass in the morning. His religion had been of the vaguest, alternately Catholic and Protestant, as had suited the interests of those who had the care of him; and for himself, he had thought as much about it as young self-indulgent men of rank of his age commonly are apt to think. But, brought roughly to his senses as he had been, and with the world growing all so dark about him, something of his old lessons was stealing back over him, and, hardly knowing what he was, he turned mourning in his prayer to the God which Catholic and Protestant alike had told him of. Mary had not left the house all day; she had been out of the sick-room but for a few minutes; it was to give certain directions for the alteration of the arrangement of the furniture down stairs, and another singular order—

The queen, (says Nelson,) caunit tak down the utter door that closet the passage towards baith the chambers, and was nothing left to stop the passage into the chambers but only the portall door;

of which Bothwell had a second key.

Her bed, which was exactly under her husband's, was to be moved away to the other side of the room; the new black velvet hangings were to be replaced by others old and worthless; and a valuable counterpane of some fur or other to be taken away altogether. She could think of these things at such a time; let us consider it. When an ordinary imagination ventures into the atmosphere of great crimes, and tries to realize their awfulness, it pictures out and dwells upon the high-wrought passions which envelop them—all is gloomy,

vast, majestic, terrible. But nature is wiser than we, and there is a deeper tragedy, if we can read it rightly, in the small thoughts and cares, for which she in her real-life dramas can find a place. The night fell down black and moonless. Mary returned up stairs and "promist allsua to have bidden there all night;" and Bothwell came with others, with respects and inquiries. There were four came with him; one his servant Paris; another a kinsman of his own, a Captain Hepburn; and two more, who paid shortly for this night's work upon the scaffold, Hay and Tallo they were called. They had brought powder-barrels with them, and while Bothwell was up-stairs, they were busy arranging them in the spot which the queen's late alterations had provided for them, where, till that evening, her own bed had stood. By this time it was ten o'clock.

Paris passes to the king's chamber where the king, queen, the Earl of Bothwell, and others, were; and Paris shows the Earl Bothwell that all things were in readiness.

Then the queen took purpose, as it had been on the sudden, and departed as she spak to give that mask to Bastian who that night was marrit to her servant.

She kissed him, and she left him, knowing too well that it was the last time—that before morning those lips she touched so lightly would be cold in death. She departed to the lights, and the music, and the wedding-ball, at Holyrood. Darnley lay painfully on his bed; his page was with him, and Nelson, from the passage outside, heard him repeating the 55th Psalm.\* Singularly, it was one of the Psalms for the English evening service of the day, and it is impossible to read it in its fatal appropriateness without very painful emotion. Mary had played ill her part of tenderness, and the shadows of the coming hours were stealing over his spirit.

My heart is disquieted within me, and the fear of death is fallen upon me.

Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and an horrible dread hath overwhelmed me.

And I said, O that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest.

It is not an open enemy that hath done me this dishonor, for then I could have borne it.

Neither was it mine adversary that did magnify himself against me, for then peradventure I would have hid myself from him.

But it was even thou, my companion, my guide, and my own familiar friend.

We cannot dwell on it. God forgive her and all of us! He was found dead under a tree in the garden by the people who hurried in after the explosion, with his page at his side; but there was no mark of fire on him, and from the situation in which the bodies were found, it was conjectured that he had sprung out of the window, and had been followed and despatched below. Hepburn had told Bothwell that he did not intend to trust the powder, as he had known it so often fail; and Darnley had perhaps fallen asleep and had been awoke by the men entering his room.

But we need not follow this miserable story further. What is remarkable is the immediate impression which spread everywhere, that, if Mary was not cognizant of the murder, she was well

pleased that it had taken place, and that she would take no steps to revenge it. In France, where she had friends, it might have been expected some kinder feeling might have shown itself. But Catherine knew her pupil, and, even three weeks after, the Archbishop of Glasgow wrote to her from Paris, that no one there had a doubt of her complicity. The worst opinion which could be formed of her she herself did her best to justify. On the Wednesday a reward was offered; but no notice was taken of the thousand voices which answered it with a charge against the Earl of Bothwell. The people paraded the streets of Edinburgh through the night, crying for vengeance upon him; yet she did nothing; she did worse than nothing; a fortnight after, before the month was out, she was off at Lord Seton's with him, amusing herself with archery and pleasure parties. With the one exception of Lord Seton himself, the entire party collected there consisted of those very noblemen whose fatal signature made them all chief accomplices in the murder—Huntly, Argyle, Bothwell, and the worthy Archbishop Hamilton. These were the present favorites. Well might the Lord of Grange write to Bedford, "Whoever is dishonest reigns in this court; God deliver them from their evil." And the signs of the deepening indignation of the people showed unmistakably on her next appearance in Edinburgh, the very market women calling after her as she passed, "God be with your majesty, if ye be sackless of your husband's death."

But it was all lost on the Queen of Scotland. After playing so deeply for her prize, she was not going to lose it for the insolent clamor of a mob, and in three months she was married. Bothwell had a wife already, but the ever-ready archbishop made a two days' business of a divorce for him, and the marriage itself was accompanied with every circumstance most disgraceful to herself and degrading to the country which had to look on at it. Her cause was utterly gone. From the Presbyterians she could, of course, expect nothing. Profligacy would not have troubled the Guises, but they could not forgive the outrage on the world's opinion, and they could not afford to uphold a person who could sacrifice her interests and her faith upon a love fancy. Catherine wrote to say that she could have no more to do with her; and her letter was indorsed by Cardinal Lorraine. Nor was this the worst. It shows what Mary's party in Scotland was, that when Throgmorton came in July to Edinburgh, to examine and report on the state of the country, it came out that at that very time (Throgmorton refused to believe it, till the fact itself was dragged before him) the archbishop, in behalf of the Hamiltons, was making proposals to put the queen to death. Perhaps there was but one person living who retained at that time any genuine kind feeling for her, and that one it was her curse through life that she could do nothing but detest; it was the Queen of England.

Since the Darnley marriage, there had been but little interchange of cordialities between them. It could not well have been otherwise, considering what were Mary's intentions in so marrying; but on first hearing of the tragical ending of it, Elizabeth came forward with everything which was most affectionate and kind. She told Mary openly what was said of her, that she winked at the crime, and did not intend to punish it. People said this of her; but for herself, she added, "*de moy pensez, je vous supplie, que je ne voudrois qu'une telle pensée residait en mon cœur pour tout l'or du*

\* Mignet says the 65th; unless the mistake is the Brussels Pirate's, on whose edition we have unfortunately been dependent. The English translator has it right.

monde;" only for her honor's sake she implored her to remember how much was at stake, and how much depended on the way in which she acted. This M. Mignet calls "the bitterness of reproach and ill-concealed hypocrisy," an imputation of motive which it is difficult to meet, except with a very indignant rebuke. In answer to this letter, Mary promised to bring Bothwell to trial, and the next thing which Elizabeth heard of her was, that she had put the castle of Edinburgh into his hands. Forced at last to allow him to be tried, the proceedings were precipitated so as to make them a mockery; yet Elizabeth still refused to believe that Mary was more than reckless; and four days before the trial she wrote again, urging her to put it off; telling her that the Earl of Lennox was assured of a combination to acquit Bothwell, and imploring her to act straightforwardly, to silence the calumnies which were spreading about her. What is this but the conduct of a real friend, struggling to think well of her, and anxious, of all things, to see her right herself?

It is unhappily necessary that we should bespeak the patience of at least any lady readers under whose eyes these pages may fall, while we relate Elizabeth's conduct. It has been so uniformly assumed that she could not have been acting sincerely with the Queen of Scotland, that she must have envied her, must have hated her, and therefore must have betrayed her; that when she is kind, she is always hypocritical, and everything she says or does is interpreted into the result of a steady malevolence, springing out of the meanest rivalry. As we find evidence that in her own lifetime, even her worst enemies suspected her of so miserable a feeling, we can only account for the present so general belief from the temper of the modern popular historians, who have explained her actions according to such principles and ways of looking at things as their own experience had made them familiar with. This is not meant for poor thin satire; it is miserable truth.

It was only through fear of Elizabeth that the marriage was not sooner interfered with, and that strong measures were not taken to prevent Mary from disgracing herself. Whatever Elizabeth's real feelings were, there can be no question at all what the Scotch Calvinists supposed that they were, and that even after the mock violence which Bothwell used with Mary, and after it had been necessary to keep her by force from placing Prince James in his hands, so little hope had any one of them that Elizabeth would encourage or even permit active rebellion, that Murray had left Scotland in despair, and was trying what he could do in Paris; and Kirkaldy of Grange wrote to the Earl of Bedford, that he would give it all up, and leave home and country forever.

The queen (he says) will never cease till such time as she have wrecked all the honest men in this realm. She was minded to cause Bothwell to ravish her, to the end that she may sooner end the marriage which she promised him before she caused him to murder her husband. *There is many that would revenge this murder but that they fear your mistress.*

So thoroughly bad it all was, the Guises were even ready to interfere; and the French ambassadors threatened Mary with immediate consequences, if the marriage were proceeded with; yet so right was Kirkaldy about Elizabeth, that if she had given way to her own inclination, the world would have seen her in marvellous league with Mary against Murray and Catherine de Medicis.

Randolph describes a morning's interview which he had with her about it all. She was possessed with a notion that Mary was shamefully calumniated about the murder, and bad as the Bothwell marriage was, and indignantly as she said she abhorred it, she did not choose that subjects should take excuse from it for insolence or for rebellion.

Notwithstanding her abhorrence, her majesty doth not like that her subjects should by any force withstand that they see her bent unto, and yet she doth greatly fear for the young prince. Her majesty told me also that she had seen a writing from Grange (the letter quoted above) to my Lord of Bedford despitely written against the queen, in such terms as she could not abide the hearing of it. She would not that any subject, what cause soever there be proceeding from the prince, or whatsoever her life and behavior is, should discover that unto the world.

At last, however, it was not to be borne any longer. Perhaps at no time, and in no country, could proceedings like Mary's have been passed by without retribution of some sort or other overtaking her at last. Crime produces hatred, and hatred revenge—it is an eternal and inevitable law—and least of all was she likely to escape among these fierce Calvinists of John Knox's, men whose very moral sense was stimulated into fanaticism, and who had already, too, made more than an experience of successful rebellion.

They tried unsuccessfully to the last to win Elizabeth; they told her they were rising, not against Mary, but against Bothwell, and that Mary was in thralldom. But Elizabeth answered sternly, that their queen had written to her to say that she was not in thralldom, but had consented to all that had passed, and therefore the prerogative must not be violated. But probably, before this answer came, it was all over. The Queen and Bothwell, with a body of about three thousand men, were marching on Edinburgh, to put down the sedition; the army of the Kirk went out to meet them, and something of the spirit which was in them may be conjectured from the standard which they had chosen to fight under; on its black massive folds there was worked curiously the body of the murdered Darnley lying under the tree as he was found, the baby prince kneeling over him, and underneath, for a device, "Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord." It was a cause before which the spirit of loyalty quailed and sank. The two armies met at Carberry, an hour's parley followed, for the interchange of challenges and expostulations. At the end of it, the queen found herself alone with Bothwell and some sixty of his private friends; the rest had melted off the hill like snow. It was over; the game was lost; she had played desperately, but the stake was forfeited. Bothwell had to ride for his life, and Mary, in the long June twilight, was escorted into Edinburgh in shameful captivity, with the black "banner of the Lord" floating on before her.

It is impossible not to admire her bearing in a trial so humiliating. Alone, struck down with all her crimes about her, a young woman scarcely twenty-five years old, borne along in the iron circle of those grim avengers, and a wild flood of execrating people weltering round her; if Mary Stuart had known how to fear, her heart would have failed her then. She turned on them like a lioness at bay. "Give me your hand, sir," she said to Lord Lindsay, who rode beside her; steel gauntleted, she took it in her slender fingers. "By this hand," she said, her blue eyes glaring fury at him,

"I will have your head for this." It is not like the poor, weak, injured sufferer, our imagination has been taught to paint her. There was not a fiercer heart behind the mail of any warrior there, than was beating in that one woman's breast.

On the news of this rough treatment of the *prérogative*, Elizabeth burst into high anger. The Earl of Bedford was instantly despatched to the frontier with all the available troops, and Throgmorton was sent direct to Edinburgh, to express her feelings about it, and demand immediate explanation. But matters were already past explanation, either to Elizabeth or to any one. Mary was at Lochleven, a fast prisoner; the casket had been found, and, though there had been no moral doubt of her guilt before, there was now conclusive evidence. Throgmorton wrote in despair—"It is public speech," he says, "among all the people, that their queen hath no more privilege to commit murder nor adultery, than any other private person, neither by God's law, nor by the law of this realm."

The ultra party, among whom were Morton, John Knox, and the clergy generally, were now urgent that she should be brought to a public trial and executed. The threat of this, and its apparent imminence, for the first time alarmed her; and in July, with a mental reservation that it should be invalid against her, as extorted by violence, she signed an abdication of the throne in favor of her son. But Throgmorton was not sent from England to look on quietly at such proceedings as this. Immediately on his arrival, finding the victorious party cared nothing either for his threats or for his entreaties, he had gone to Lochleven, and in Elizabeth's name had told the Queen of Scots, that at first his mistress had determined to hold no further communication with her, to express her horror that no steps had been taken to prevent the murder, and her shame at the marriage. But the rebellion of the nobles had softened her feelings. Whatever had been Mary's conduct, it did not become subjects to assume the sword, and she was now ready to restore her to liberty, only making one condition, that she should give up Bothwell; and imploring her, for God's sake, to come forward with some answer or other to the abominable things which were said of her.

But Mary would not hear of giving up Bothwell, would not answer, would not do anything. Elizabeth hesitated. If she made a condition, it seemed as if it ought to be observed; but then came the news of the extorted abdication, and she could not contain herself any longer. It is quite clear that she did not believe a word of the worst charge against the Queen of Scotland. In vain Cecil and Leicester implored her to let matters alone and not interfere. She would hear nothing; and she declared that "she would make herself a party against the rebels, to the revenge of their sovereign, and as an example to all posterity."

Throgmorton was to communicate this imperious threat. The Earl of Morton listened, and then coolly told him, that if Bedford crossed the frontier, it would be the signal for Mary's death—not a hand in the country would be raised to save her. In proof of this he showed him the proposal of which we spoke above; which within forty-eight hours he had received from the Hamiltons, suggesting her execution, as the simplest solution of their difficulties. And he showed him further certain promises which (so strangely parties had changed sides) had been sent to him from the Queen-Mother of France, to the

effect that she would imprison Mary for life in a French convent, and give him all help to enforce her deposition. This would, indeed, have placed Elizabeth in an impracticable position. As things were, it was impossible for her efficiently to serve Mary, and with a bad grace she yielded to her minister, and recalled Bedford.

And now all eyes were turned to Murray. He had been in France during all this. Like Elizabeth, he had refused to believe in his sister's guilt. It was only as he was preparing to return to Scotland that he was shown what appeared decisive evidence of it. Murray never did anything in a hurry; he travelled back at his leisure, passing through London on his way, where he had an interview with the queen. She insisted that he should join her in forwarding Mary's restoration; but after what he had seen he could not undertake anything of the kind. Elizabeth was exceedingly angry; Murray grew only more cold and impracticable, and she dismissed him in high displeasure; but he reached Scotland without having at all made up his mind, and then for the first time he was shown the originals of the fatal letters. There was no more to be said. The assembly offered him the regency, and implored him to accept it. Murray said he must first see his sister, and there must have been fears of his constancy, as attempts were made to prevent it. But he was determined to go; and Throgmorton wrote to England, that there was no doubt that he was acting "in full faith and true affection towards her." He rode off to Lochleven, and we owe to Throgmorton an account of the remarkable interview which followed. He was introduced into her presence, and remained with her four hours, unable to speak a word. There she was—his own father's child and his queen. Queen of France, Queen of Scotland, and to be Queen of England, what had not fortune done for her? And now what was she? In vain for five years he had watched over her as a father might; with small thanks to him, and in spite of him, she had gone her own bad way, and, *deposed* and degraded, she had made her name infamous through all time as a murderess and adulteress. He could not trust her. He knew her too well. Humble as she seemed as she sat there, he knew that she had learnt nothing, and repented of nothing, except of having failed. What could he say to her?

In the evening, after vague confessions and wild prayers to him to speak to her, even if he were to tell her the very worst, he broke silence; "More," Throgmorton says, "like a ghostly confessor than as a counsellor."

He set her up a glass  
Where she might see the inmost part of her.

The Darnley marriage, so wretchedly desired and still more wretchedly detested—the murder, and the mock trial, and the second marriage—her obstinate clinging to it—and, last of all, the dreadful witness against her, "in her own hand written," on which any day she might be brought to trial, with but one issue of it possible. Mary threw herself before him, beseeching him to save her; she desired nothing except to be spared that, and Murray was her only refuge. Murray told her sternly to seek a refuge with God, and so left her—artfully for his own purposes, as Fraser Tytler thinks, working on her fears, with no motive but his own ambition, to induce her of her own accord to make over the supreme power of Scotland to himself.



The next morning he carried out the same insidious policy; in the night he appeared to have softened towards her. He promised to save her life; but he warned her that if she attempted to escape, if she intrigued with the Queen of France or of England, (he knew Elizabeth's feelings,) or if she persisted in a correspondence with Bothwell, it would be all over with her—neither he nor any one could protect her. For the present she must remain where she was; her liberty was out of the question till she had given them better reason to trust her.

It was Mary's misfortune, says Mr. Tytler, that she was the creature of generous impulse. In an overflow of weakness and affection (Mignet echoes all this trash) she herself begged her brother to undertake the regency. "By this means," said she, "my son shall be preserved, my realm well governed, and I in safety." The false Murray had gained his purpose by betraying her nobleness and confidence. "At length he acceded unto her acceptance," and "requiring the Lords Lindsey, Ruthven, and Lochleven to treat the queen with gentleness, with liberty, and with all good usage, he took his leave of her." . . . "And then began a new fit of weeping, which being appeased, she embraced him very lovingly, kissed him, and sent her blessing to the prince, her son, by him."

Such was the scene at Lochleven, and such is the received interpretation of it. One cannot but be surprised at the recklessness with which it is all delivered. Fascinated with Mary, these writers speak of her as an injured saint, even in spite of the actions which they acknowledge. She is always free, trusting, generous, and noble; and whoever is in opposition to her is full of all bad passions, all selfishness, all baseness, all gratuitous malevolence. Murray, in his lifetime, passed as a good man; a man whom all parties revered and all sought to gain. His private life was unblemished by a spot. In his regency Holyrood House "was ordered more like to a conventicle than to a royal palace." Oh, but he was ambitious, and he was hypocritical—so easy it is to dirt a noble man with epithets. Ambition! Was it so blessed a thing, then, to take the rein of poor sick Scotland in the birth-throes of a new era, and in the death-struggles of an old—with unresting treason to hold down with one hand, and fanatic anarchy with the other—to be at once marked for the hatred of all bad men living, with murder dogging his every step, as he well knew, and as in two brief years he proved? And is his good name to be now tamely given over a prey to every wretched whimper over the misfortunes of unhappy Mary?

The question which Murray had to answer, in the name of the Scottish nation, was, whether a person who had been guilty of the crimes of which Mary Stuart had been guilty was any longer to be permitted to remain on the throne of a kingdom—the supreme executor of justice and fountain of order and law? Such was the question, and it is the same which now divides our judgments. Happily for us, however, in these days differences remain only for the foolish jangling of opinion. No one doubts that if occasion for action were unhappily to arise, whatever our words are now, action would be prompt and decisive. Such a change has passed over us. It is not easy for us to realize the feelings towards royalty which Murray had to encounter. He had to fight the battle when there was danger in it; when "divinity" did really seem

to "shrine a king," and royalty of any sort was held so high a thing that even "the devil," it could be said, "should be sometime honored for his burning throne." Constitutional solutions of such difficulties may be far more orderly and respectable; yet, perhaps, they have been only made possible by those other earlier ones which were not constitutional at all.

On that common speech of the Scotch people, that "princes have no more license to commit murder nor adultery than any other person," there is no difference even of opinion; the question is only of responsibility. Indeed, it may be said, that they must accept all consequences of their high place; and that crime in princes, being where they are for the punishing of crime, is of as far more evil example, and as far more monstrous, than crime in subjects, as they in their place are raised above subjects. Only, say the vindicators of Divine right, the source of the law cannot be tried by the law, but is only answerable to God. Yet, perhaps, God, and not the sovereign, is the source of law, and others, beside the sovereign, are God's commissioners in executing it. There is not a wretched felon at the criminal bar but is answering to God there, as well as answering to man. But a problem which has received its practical answer from the beginning of all history, is not to be argued on *a priori* theories. Crime, injury, revenge, hang together in indissoluble sequence. We can modify the form—so much nature gives to us—but the substance is from everlasting to everlasting. Where justice cannot reach, the dagger can; and the alternative is but between the old assassination and the modern judicial tribunal. God will not tolerate crimes or criminals in this world; and as we do not hesitate, when the wrong lies between subject and subject, to prefer such ordering of a kingdom as delivers the murderer over to the law, to those ruder methods which left him to the avenger of blood, so we cannot doubt that when of two ways one is inevitable, open judgment or secret vengeance, which of these two ought to be preferred.

The intention of bringing Mary to trial had saved her from immediate punishment. The authority of Murray and the fear of Elizabeth this time sheltered her from trial. It was a weakness which she taught them both to regret. Mary was not a person to believe any one could mean well with her who crossed her inclination; and one year of Murray's stern intolerance of oppression and lawlessness sufficed to restore her the allegiance of the haughty northern lords, to whom government was detestable exactly as it was strong. The Calvinist Regent respected neither high nor low, punishing guilt alike in the noble or the peasant; and Mary's liberty was soon all that was wanted to make her a rallying point for the disaffection of half the kingdom. She escaped, fought a battle, and lost it, and a fortnight after she had left Lochleven she was a fugitive in England.

A sovereign lady flying from the treason of her subjects, and throwing herself on the hospitality of a sister queen, her nearest kinswoman, and whose heir she was—flying to her for protection, and finding instead of a protector an unfeeling tyrant, who imprisoned her for nineteen years, and then flung her to a cruel death—this is the picture which poets and historians have never been weary of drawing for us. It has been the stain on the fame of Elizabeth. Even those who think worst of Mary, insist that Elizabeth's injustice gave her all right

to use any means to free herself. The eagerness with which all this has been insisted on has occasionally embarrassed its advocates. For this imprisonment is described as one act in a long series of injuries which had commenced with Elizabeth's accession; and there has naturally, therefore, been a difficulty in explaining how the Queen of Scotland came to be so infatuated as to choose England for a refuge when the world was open to her.

Now, it is quite certain that she chose England because she expected a better welcome there than in any other country; Elizabeth had written to congratulate her on her escape; to stay in Scotland was certain death; in France, where she had been threatened with a convent, her reception would be more than doubtful; while Elizabeth was, perhaps, the only person living who still resolutely disbelieved her complicity in Darnley's murder. She looked with confidence, therefore, for warm reception and warm assistance; and she had crossed the border with a promise to her friends, that before a month they might expect her back again in force.

Nor was the regent any more doubtful than his sister what the first impulse of Elizabeth would be. Instantly that Mary was in England, he despatched his secretary to London, declaring that he and Morton were ready to appear in person to justify what they had been forced to do; and to "enter himself prisoner in the Tower of London if he did not prove her guilty in the death of her husband." A cruel thing for a brother to be forced into, and one of which it is easy to be eloquently abusive; and yet the one alternative which lay before him was to betray the country of which he was at that time supreme governor, called to be so, as he believed, by the providence of God—to betray the people committed to him into a dreadful civil war—by throwing a mock shield over the reputation of one bad woman.

Murray's secretary must have crossed a despatch of Elizabeth's to himself, summoning him to appear and answer for himself; and, as urgent business forced him to delay in coming, another message, more peremptory, followed, that if he did not appear at once, in person or by commissioner, she would send Mary over the border with an army.

It was now that, for the first time, copies of the casket letters were laid before Elizabeth. She still would not believe them genuine, and she wrote to the Queen of Scots to say so; but publicly received, as she knew them to be, and as nothing which Mary could do to persuade the world that they were genuine had been wanting in her conduct, it was necessary that they should be publicly looked into. She summoned the regent to prove them, without a doubt that the exposure would be not of Mary but of themselves, and the condition of their failure was to be the restoration of the queen. But Mary was in no haste for any such examination; she pretended that it was putting her upon her trial; and that her sovereign majesty would be degraded by her being placed in any such position. For her own conduct she was only answerable to God, and if Elizabeth would not help her, she claimed her freedom, that she might seek it elsewhere. To have let Mary go was to bring the Duke of Alva into Scotland; it was the restoration by the Catholic powers of a princess whose name was uncleansed from the darkest crimes; with, behind it, interminable vistas of strife, misery, and discord, first for Scotland and next for England, as far as human foresight could look, inevitable. Elizabeth could in no case permit it. If it was just

that Mary should be restored, she would restore her herself, but she could not have a Spanish army on the frontier; and if Mary was guilty, the throne was no place for her. It may be said, Elizabeth was no judge of this. Mary was not a subject of hers; and whatever her opinions might be, she had no business to interfere—an argument which it will be possible to meet when we know something of the abstract right and wrong which determine the actions of sovereign powers. When such mighty interests depend on the conduct of one person as then depended on that of Elizabeth, there is commonly some responsibility with it, and those who shout loudest against interference on the people's side would have seen no injustice in her interference on the queen's. But if they will press the letter of the law, then let them press it, and on their own conditions Elizabeth was merciful. Mary had claimed her crown. As soon as the excommunication should fall there was not a Catholic in England who would not regard Mary as his lawful sovereign. Was this a person to be allowed to go abroad and organize European invasions?

Rival claimants of thrones are not commonly dealt gently with; nor is it desirable that they should be, considering what civil war is. The leaders in political conspiracies, no matter what they are, are the very last persons that governments may pardon; our moral estimate of them may vary infinitely; but if they fail, they have no right to look for anything but the very worst. Revolutions, even when vast interests are at stake, are not things to play with, and to trifle in them is as reckless a piece of wickedness as man can be guilty of. If there were nothing else against Mary than this claim of hers, it is mere idle talk to clamor that she was not an English subject.

Elizabeth was dealing faithfully with her, if she could have believed it, or if her cause was one which could prosper with any faithful dealing. If the charges against her turned out false, she would be restored to Scotland; if true, she was still heiress of England, with noble fresh chances before her, if she pleased to deserve them; at any rate, whether true or false, Elizabeth's first duty was to secure herself and her country from Mary's treason, and already she had too good reason to suspect her. Mary had come to England in June. She was not a person to hesitate when there were opportunities of intrigue, and, finding a new field open, she at once plunged into it. Nor, indeed, was it altogether new; years before, as we saw, she had been throwing out golden feelers there with the money of the King of Spain. Elizabeth heard at once of some of her doings, and wrote to complain. Mary must bear witness against herself, true Stuart as she was, and true in nothing else.

In her answer to these complaints, dated the 8th of October, she writes:—

Madam, since I have been in your country, I will defy the world to say that I have offended you in deed or word; confiding implicitly in you, wherein, I am sure, you will not find yourself deceived.

And yet here is a letter, dated a fortnight earlier, to the Queen of Spain:—

I will tell you one thing, by the way, that if the king, your lord and brother, were at peace, my misfortunes might be of service to Christendom, for my coming to this country has caused me to make acquaintance by which I have learnt so much of the state of things here, that if I had ever so little hope of

success elsewhere I would make ours the reigning religion, or perish in the attempt. The whole of this part (Yorkshire) is entirely devoted to the Catholic faith; and with the right that I have, for this reason in my favor, I could easily teach this queen what it is to intermeddle and assist subjects against princes. She tries to make me appear guilty of what I am unjustly accused of. God be praised, I have gained the hearts of a great many good people of this country since my coming, so that they are ready to hazard all that they possess for me and my cause.

What was to be done with such a woman—who could keep no faith except when it suited her convenience, and whose indomitable spirit could neither be crushed nor gained, except at the price of what could not be given it—its own way!

The trial came on. Murray wrote again and again to her, imploring her to spare him the necessity of showing the letters by confirming her abdication. When Elizabeth came to know better where the truth really lay, she, too, joined in entreating her; but it was no use. Mary saw their reluctance, and laid her plans in a confidence in their generosity. Her commissioners were instructed to refuse all concessions, but to prevent, not meet, investigation. As soon as it was clear that it would be proceeded with, they proposed a compromise. Elizabeth told them that at that stage of the proceedings a compromise would be fatal to Mary's honor. It was still open to her to abdicate. In that case everything would be dropped. But Mary had seen another game opening before her in England; she still trusted (as the event proved, with sufficient grounds) to Elizabeth's unwillingness to disgrace the honor of a sovereign. She withdrew her commissioners, and contented herself with protesting against further proceedings. But a protest like this of course could not put an end to the trial of Murray. He produced the letters reluctantly, being, to the last, willing to exhaust every other means. They were examined by the Privy Council with the result which we have already spoken of; but Elizabeth had first bound the lords of the council to secrecy, and she had no intention of allowing the contents of papers so disgraceful to transpire to the world. The day after they had sent in their report, she declared that "Mary could not be restored, that she must remain in England, and that the whole affair should be buried in oblivion." Mary had not miscalculated; after another fruitless attempt to prevail on her to resign quietly, the Queen of England declared the investigation at an end. Cecil, in her name, pronouncing in the way of sentence words to the following effect:—"That as to Murray, and his adherents, she was of opinion that nothing had as yet been brought forward against them which impaired their honor or allegiance;" while, on the other hand, "There had been nothing sufficiently proven nor shown by them against the queen, their sovereign, whereby the Queen of England should conceive or take any evil opinion of her gude sister for anything yet seen." A sentence which Fraser Tytler calls the most absurd in all history. And, indeed, it is absurd on any other hypothesis, except that Elizabeth was really sincere in doing the best for Mary which the circumstances could allow: on that hypothesis it is not absurd at all. She could not restore her; she could not set her free; but she would not disgrace her. If the whole truth had been then publicly told, Mary's chance of succeeding to the English throne would have been as utterly swept away as her chance of recovering

that of Scotland; and when shortly after the French and Spanish ambassadors ventured a faint request for her liberty, Elizabeth was able to tell them, that she had concealed matters which, if published, would have overwhelmed Mary with infamy, and so utterly disgraced her, that for very shame neither Catholic nor Protestant could ever again lift hand in her cause.

On the 21st of December, immediately after the trial, she wrote herself to Mary. What more kind or genuine or generous she could have written, it is hard to say.

As we have been very sorry of long time for your mishaps and great troubles, so find we our sorrow now doubled in beholding such things as are now produced against you to prove yourself cause of all the same. Our grief herein is also increased in that we did not think at any time to have seen or heard such matters of so great appearance and moment to charge and condemn you. Nevertheless, both in friendship, nature, and justice, we are moved to cover these matters;

at any rate till such time as, if any answer were possible, Mary would condescend to give it.

And again, on the 31st of March, after repeated letters, in which the Queen of Scots had endeavored to convince Elizabeth of her love for her, declaring that she felt for her as for an elder sister, and valued her friendship above all things, and on the strength of these feelings complained that her sister had been publishing hard things against her, Elizabeth, although she knew well enough how Mary had been showing her love to her since she had been in England, yet was contented calmly to reply—

That since her unsatisfying answers she had hushed up the case and never meddled with it since. All parties, she told her, were now at rest in Scotland, and after years of anarchy they were at length peaceful and contented.

And she concluded with words which, as it appears to us, she must have written directly from her heart with the fullest consciousness of sincerity.

I thank God I have not been left to stumble, much less to fall, against you; and, with a clear conscience, I call on Him to witness, who will be my judge, if I have not gone openly on my way without feints.

And now, if we consider the sort of penalties which the sense of mankind has declared, and always declares, to be due to crimes such as those of which Mary Stuart had been indubitably guilty, it really cannot be considered that the measure which was dealt out to her was so severe as to give her claims on our commiseration. For it was no more than this—to remain quietly, in all ease and splendor, at the castle of an English nobleman, with all liberty and all indulgence out of doors and in, with no restriction on her correspondence, and none upon her pleasure—to remain quietly, only till she had recovered a confidence which Elizabeth was longing to restore to her; with opportunities of beginning life anew, with clear ground and clear new magnificent prospects, if she could only bring herself to deserve them. This, at least, is the light in which it appears to us. To M. Mignet it appears in a very different light indeed. As a specimen of his style, both of thought and writing, take the following, as his summing up at the point of the history at which we have arrived:—

Quant à Marie Stuart, elle resta prisonnière en Angleterre. Elizabeth non seulement ne l'assista point contre ses sujets, comme elle l'avait offert, mais ne lui rendait pas même la liberté dont elle n'aurait jamais du la priver. Sans respect pour les règles de la justice, et les droits de l'hospitalité, comme pour les prérogatives des couronnes, elle n'avait pas craint d'emprisonner une suppliante, et de mettre en jugement une reine. Elle n'avait été sensible ni à la confiance de la fugitive, ni aux prières de la parente, ni à l'affliction de la femme, ni à l'honneur de la souveraine. Marie Stuart, à son tour, n'avait plus aucun ménagement à garder envers Elizabeth. Arrêtée avec perfidie, diffamée avec haine, retenue avec iniquité, il lui était permis de tout entreprendre pour se rendre libre. Elle ne manqua point de la faire.

We cannot praise these "rounded periods," at any rate in a historian. The temptation of choosing words for their poise and euphony is apt to make literal truth suffer sadly in the shaping. However, to such persons as have a taste for it, we beg to offer this, which, if not absolutely true, is a good deal truer than what we have quoted from Mignet:—

As for Mary Stuart, she remained in England. Elizabeth not only refused to surrender her to be tried under the laws which she had violated, but she did not even submit her to a restraint which would have disabled her from a repetition of her crimes. Disregarding alike the demands of justice, the peace of her subjects, and the safety of her own person, she did not hesitate to throw a shield over a murderess, and to keep a rival claimant of her crown in the heart of her kingdom. Mary Stuart had violated her hospitality, had tampered with her subjects, had done dishonor to the royal blood of England; and she was reckless enough to put faith in promises which had been repented and perfidiously broken. She sheltered her from a punishment which she had deserved. She maintained her in a credit which she had forfeited. She continued her a kindness which she abused. Was it likely that Mary would fail to use the opportunities which her own unjustifiable lenity persisted in affording her?

The remaining eighteen years which Mary lived present features singularly uniform. So far she had profited by the past, that she could now keep her personal passions subordinate to her larger purposes; and she fell into no more love-scrapes, except where love could be made politic. Her interests were coincident with the interests of Catholicism, and it suited the interests of the Catholics to forget the misdoings of a person whose situation could be so useful to them. Universally acknowledged as heiress to the crown of England, and after Elizabeth's excommunication acknowledged through Catholic Europe as its lawful possessor, her position filled the world with a romantic sympathy for her; and the struggle between the two faiths, at the moment when it was fiercest and hottest, centred in the fortune of Mary.

The Protestants of Navarre were to fall with Elizabeth; Flanders, Don John of Austria said, could only be conquered in London; and Mary was able to throw off the painful past, and to persuade herself that in her later schemes she was fighting the Church's battle. Her energy never flagged. The kindness of Elizabeth, except in the intervals when conspiracies were known to be ripening, put no check on her correspondence, which covered the world. Her funds were ample; for she had her French dowry all at her own disposal, the Sheffield expenses being paid out of the English treasury.

Philip, too, gave her vast sums; and the organization of the Jesuits provided her with the ablest ministers of conspiracy to be found in Europe. And the result of all this was, that the history of her imprisonment is a history of a succession of plots to have Elizabeth despatched, and in the confusion to bring the Duke of Alva, or Don John of Austria, or the French, into England. One after another she shaped her schemes, entangling hundreds of gallant gentlemen in her service. One after another they exploded without effect; Mary's share in them demonstrated by the clearest evidence; her punishment expected abroad and demanded at home; yet prevented from falling on her by Elizabeth.

So skilfully the first great rising had been planned, that if it had taken effect as she intended, or if the Duke of Norfolk's energy had been equal to her own, Mignet thinks it would have succeeded. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were to rise in the north; Norfolk in the south and south-east; while Alva was to land, with twelve thousand men, either at Yarmouth or at Southampton. Alva was quite alive to the danger of the enterprise, but he was ready for it; only, he says, (the easy *naïveté* with which he writes to Philip is not a little remarkable,) the queen must first be got rid of—a purpose for which one of his own people was sent to London, under the pretence of a diplomatic commission, and therefore with a safe conduct. But rebellion had bad luck. The north rose prematurely, and Alva would not risk help to a mutilated enterprise.

Those "good gentlemen," whom she boasted to the Queen of Spain that she had gained, were ready, so far as their lives went, to risk them for her—and they risked them, and lost them by hundreds on the scaffold. It was proposed at that time to punish Mary. We learn from Leicester—"How effectually all the Council of England then dealt with her majesty for justice to be done on that person—how the Great Seal of England was then sent, and thought just and meet upon the sudden with execution." But Elizabeth interposed and saved her—saved her only to play her next card in the same game. Murray's murder made an opening in Scotland in 1570. It had had two years' breathing time; but she found means to unchain the devil of civil war again there. She got Elizabeth at last excommunicated; and prevailed on Philip and on Charles of France to sink their differences in a common league against her. The next year the Norfolk affair exploded; and he, too, had to go to the scaffold. Once more the Privy Council—again with fatal proof of Mary's complicity—the houses of Parliament, and the whole Bench of Bishops, implored Elizabeth to save the country, and execute her. In vain. Her answer was touching—"Can I put to death the bird," she said, "that, to escape the pursuit of the hawk, has fled to me for protection?" As Elizabeth would do nothing, the Parliament thought to act for themselves, and passed a unanimous vote, cutting the Queen of Scots off from the succession; but the queen, in her imperious way, at once dismissed them, forbidding them evermore to approach the subject—conclusive enough, one would think, as to her real feelings for Mary. In the mean time the Catholics were showing that they were not choice in their means, and Elizabeth might well prepare herself. In 1570 Murray had been murdered; in August, 1572, just after Norfolk's execution, came St. Bar-



tholomew. Cecil had previously been down at Chatsworth to try whether there was any chance of being able to let Mary go; but he had only been met with duplicity and defiance. Then came out the conspiracy, which of course made further negotiating out of the question. There is a letter, or a fragment of one, extant, dated just after the Duke of Norfolk's execution, and it reads like the most genuine piece of Mary which she has left us—pride, rage, disappointment; but a fixed determination to stand at bay and die game.

I am resolved to die and have grace and mercy of God alone, who, by His goodness, made me a free and sovereign princess. I am determined; and I will have none of *her* pardons. She may take my life, but not the constancy which Heaven has produced and fortified in me. I will die Queen of Scotland.

She would have been in no danger, however, except for St. Bartholomew; but with so terrible an evidence of the temper in which the Catholics were, Elizabeth felt that she had no right to run any more risks. Twice, at least, since she had been in England, Mary had forfeited her life under every circumstance of treachery. In the September following the massacre she announced that she would withdraw her shield; and here, we think, is the one thing which we have any reason to regret in the later treatment of Mary, that what at this moment was intended was not carried into execution. Bad as had been her doings in England, in her own country they had been infinitely worse; and it was decided that she should be sent back thither to answer there for her husband's murder. Killigrew was sent to Scotland by Cecil, and it was arranged between him, as representative of Elizabeth, Morton, and Lord Mar, who was then Regent. The assembly and the clergy were to be summoned, and in their presences he was to be publicly tried and afterwards publicly executed—by far, as it appears to us, the most wholesome termination of the tragedy. The divine vengeance would then have overtaken her in the direct form of punishment for her greatest crime, instead of lingering out uncertainly for years, and falling at last with an ambiguous stroke, which admitted of being distorted into a martyrdom. It was not to be, however. The sudden death of the Earl of Mar made it impossible for the moment, and Elizabeth had relented before another opportunity had offered itself.

Mary's retrospect, it might now be thought, whatever might be her views for the future, would have been enough to sadden her. Not for the dangers, perhaps, which she had herself escaped; nor for the unavailing guilt in which she had involved herself; but at least for the trouble which she had brought on others. Hundreds of gallant gentlemen were lying low in bloody graves, who, but for her, might have been still sunning themselves in prosperous life. And one there was whom she had pretended that she loved, the highest English subject, whom she had first entangled in apostasy, and then in treason; and he had had to lay down his head remorsefully on Tower Hill. But it is not the least sad feature in the Queen of Scots, that it was all nothing to her; she was without feeling either for friend or enemy. Fearless for herself, and reckless for them, no sufferings either of her own or any other cost her a really uneasy hour. This last danger having blown by, and for the present no fresh opening presenting itself, she employed herself in arranging her affairs, and in

careful study of the various English factions. In the management of her property, she showed a real genius for finance. She knew the value of useful servants, and we find her not forgetting among her pensioners the Hamilton of Bothwellhaugh, who had shot her brother; and Lord Adam Gordon, who had burnt Lady Forbes, and all her household, in Towie Castle. Her vacant hours she amused with writing sonnets to the birds or clouds; ordering new Paris dresses, and feeding her poodles, and Barbary fowl, loving them, as she says, very dearly; but only afraid that they would die of plethora. To Elizabeth she sent off periodic letters, imploring her not to listen to the slander of her enemies, and to believe that she did nothing but love her; occasionally, as the season of the year suited, throwing in dashes of religious sentiment; and so weak Elizabeth was with her, that a few quiet months were always enough to give her fresh hopes, and to set her looking again for means to set her free.

Mary, however, had not so tamed the natural devil in her, but that it would break out sometimes with the old recklessness. Though it cost her her life she could not resist the temptation to a sarcasm.

When Cecil came down to Chatsworth with conditions, the first was the old one—a formal surrender of her claim to the English crown during the lifetime of Elizabeth or issue of her body. Mary insisted on the insertion of the word "*lawful*" before issue. Elizabeth was not pleased, naturally, but consented at last that it should stand "issue by a lawful husband." And Mary would have been free if a fresh plot had not been discovered at the moment. Another time she deliberately sat down and polluted a sheet of paper with the filthy scandals which had been gathered out of the kennels and the gutters against Elizabeth's character, and sent it to her, "trusting for her dear sister's sake that these things were not true, and yet Lady Shrewsbury had assured her that they were."

When she sat herself to study the religious and political position of parties in England, she shows an insight which would have done credit to Cecil himself; and in the style of her reflections she gives a piquancy to the driest details. Thus, of the divisions between Puritan and Protestant, (by which she means the Church of England,) she writes:—"These two factions are very inimical to each other, and always united against me. An unworthy comparison; and yet, as they say in the proverb, 'Caiaphas and Pilate became friends to judge our Lord.'"

Her recklessness about truth was frightful. She could pretend to Elizabeth that she was dying, and directly after write off to Babington, that "her enemies flattered themselves she was breaking down, but she thanked God she could still ride her horse and use her cross-bow with the best of them."

Look at her on which side we will, it is impossible to feel interest in her or pity for her, except on that common ground for sorrow which all bad persons share with her, for being what she was. Elizabeth, as she herself said, "had not stumbled, much less fallen, towards her." She had not, and she never did, unless, indeed, it was in the last business of all, when it would be hard to say what Mary had left undone to provoke her fate. Through the nineteen years during which she was a prisoner, Elizabeth's life was one long struggle with her

Parliament and her ministers to save her. As plot after plot came out, the country became more and more urgent, for other interests besides the queen's were at issue; the death of Elizabeth would at once have let loose civil war among them. But she would neither punish Mary herself, nor allow her to be cut off from the succession. In the Throgmorton affair, in 1584, Parliament made it a condition under which it would grant supplies "that for the greater safety of the queen in case of invasion, or of any attempt to injure the royal person, the individuals by whom or for whom the attempt was made should forfeit the succession, and be pursued to death." But again Elizabeth interposed. She insisted that it was unjust that any one not personally engaged in treason should suffer for it; and she forced upon them an amendment, "that no one might be pursued to death who had not been pronounced privy to conspiracy by a competent court," and Mary was only to be incapable of succeeding in case of the queen being murdered.

We said we could find no fault in Elizabeth's conduct except it were in the concluding scenes of this weary struggle; we do not mean in the execution, for Mary had dragged it down upon herself; but the reluctance with which the Queen of England yielded to the necessity gave a character of irresolution and uncertainty to her actions, which has enabled later writers to fasten invectives upon her that it is difficult to clear away. We are not apologizing for her. Her conduct is to be admired, not apologized for; but at a time when she was swayed backwards and forwards by violent tides of conflicting feelings, it is naturally made difficult to explain. But let us first look at such of the facts as are certain.

The embers of the plot of 1584 had not been entirely extinguished. Two years later they kindled up again into what is familiarly known as the "Babington Conspiracy." Discovered by Walsingham, it was determined that this time, if Mary Stuart was implicated in it, there should be evidence of it so conclusive as to leave Elizabeth no pretence for softness. The Spanish invasion was evidently approaching; the country could not afford to be kept any longer in a chronic fever, and it was time that it should come to an end. Foolish persons affect a horror at what they call the perfidy of a minister who would intercept letters and watch the progress of a traitorous correspondence; which is as much as to say that, as treason never shows in open light until the moment when it can strike, it must be let alone to mature itself; that, because it is insidious itself, they are insidious too who track it down and crush it, and that an honorable man may take no precaution against a dagger till he feels it in his breast. Walsingham did his duty as a faithful servant ought to do it; and at last he was enabled to lay before the queen fatal evidence, in Mary's own letters, of a design upon her life. Elizabeth was thunderstruck. She was incorrigible, then. The privy council was summoned, and it decided, after a short debate, that the Queen of Scotland must this time be brought to judgment. She was tried in the Hall at Fotheringay; and, after such defence as she was pleased to make, the court, after due discussion, (not without great stomachaching, as Cecil said,) pronounced her guilty. The sentence, which was properly death, was referred to the houses of parliament and confirmed by them, and they proceeded to urge on Elizabeth the duty of relieving the country by putting it in execution, reminding her how Saul sinned, and called

down God's anger on himself, when he spared Agag.

Elizabeth's answer, if it had been the only document which had come down to us from the time, would have been enough to have shown us what she was.

Her life, she said, had been dangerously shot at; but her sense of danger was lost in sorrow that the bolt should have been launched at her by one so near of kin as the Queen of Scotland. So far she had been from bearing ill-will to her sister, that, on discovering her treasonable practices, she had at once written to her, that if she would privately confess them, they should be buried in silence. Even now, if the matter involved only danger to herself, and not to the people's welfare, she would willingly pardon Mary, but, as it was, she was in grievous difficulty.

Without anything more decisive she left them, and two days after, the 14th of November, she sent down a message requesting them to consider whether they could not devise some gentler expedient by which her commiseration for the Scottish queen might be allowed to operate, and her life be spared. Both houses answered unanimously that there was no other way. So much for the pretence of that hatred and vindictiveness of which men accuse Elizabeth.

She then sent for the foreign ambassadors, putting to them the same question, and she promised to respite the execution at least till an answer had been returned from Paris. But nothing came of it; they had nothing to suggest.

Yet Elizabeth's hesitation was no nearer being terminated. The sentence had been confirmed by Parliament in the middle of November; January passed, the warrant had not been issued, and her reluctance to issue it had begun seriously to alarm the country. Mary wrote to her after the sentence had been communicated to her, and Leicester says of the effect of it to Walsingham, "There is a letter which hath wrought tears, but I trust shall do no further harm—albeit the delay is dangerous."

February came, and found her still undecided. On the morning of the 1st, Davison, her secretary, was summoned; when he entered, she was with Lord Howard, who had been pressing the execution upon her. The warrant had been drawn for many days. On that morning she signed it—to content the people, as she said—and it did content them, as the bells in all the churches were set ringing at the news. To sign a warrant did not mean with her that it was to be carried into effect, as her ministers very well knew. The Duke of Norfolk's death-warrant, for instance, had been three times signed and as often recalled. However, between the 1st of the month, when the warrant was signed, and the 7th, when it was executed, there was a singular interlude. So far Elizabeth's conduct had been quite consistent. We are now required to believe that, in this interval, she ordered Davison to write to Sir Amyas Paulet, in her name, and suggest to him, that if he wished to please her, he would take Mary off quietly. He had now an opportunity of serving her, to which he was bound by his oath of association, &c. Paulet, we are told, refused indignantly, and the queen affected extreme anger at the preciseness of his Puritanism. So much of this is certain, that, on the 1st of February, a letter to that effect did go off to Paulet, signed by Davison and Walsingham, and Paulet answered as has been said; for both letters (the original which was sent to him and a copy of his answer) were found among his papers, at least so it is said, and

we have no present ground for questioning the genuineness of them. Besides other difficulties, Walsingham having joined in sending such a proposal is strange, as it was Walsingham who, in opposition to Leicester, insisted on having Mary openly tried, Leicester then proposing more silent methods. At all events, too, Davison was the only authority, and Davison's offences in the matter were deeper than any of us know; we will not take his word when it is against Elizabeth's; and her estimate of him may be seen in his punishment. However, we have no room to argue it further, and we will take his own story and see to what it really amounts:—here had been an association for the protection of Elizabeth's life, the members of which (Paulet was one of them) had bound themselves to pursue traitors to the death by all and every means. Their loyalty had been so vehement in words that Elizabeth herself had been obliged to restrain it; and on the morning when she signed the warrant, full of bitterness as she was about it, she was not sparing of some sharp sarcasm at their flutulent fidelity. They had sworn oaths enough and to spare, but when the time came it was all left to her. Davison, either from folly or worse, caught at the words, and interpreted them into a hint, went off with them to Walsingham, and Walsingham, doubting Elizabeth's resolution, and feeling it necessary at all events to rid the country of Mary, joined him in sending off this undesirable despatch to Paulet.

Such seems to us to be the natural account of this matter; perhaps it is the true one, perhaps some other is the true one; but as a serious purpose of assassination can in no way whatever be reconciled with the character of Elizabeth, we must interpret what is difficult by what is certain, and answer ourselves, without any doubt at all, that, whatever else is true, that is not. What Davison was is clear enough to us from his punishment. Miss Strickland has made a notable discovery of a grant of money made to him shortly after it, proving, as she asserts with much noise, that Elizabeth could not have been so very angry with him. Elizabeth had fined him £10,000, and he was made a beggar by it. The grant is a wretched pittance to save him from starvation. At any rate, it is to us certain, that he knew her indecision about the warrant, and that she knew that he knew it. If she had given him no precise directions, her silence was enough. But he put it in Burleigh's hands, and Burleigh, with the rest of the council, determined to save Elizabeth in spite of herself, and venture her displeasure. The Queen of Scotland was executed on the 7th of February, 1587. Her manner of death has been much commented on; her high bearing having passed as evidence of her innocence. But there is no reason for regarding it so. She died, as she had lived, without fear; she never knew what fear was; and, in dying for an attempt on the life of a heretic excommunicated and marked for destruction, she was suffering in so good a cause that she might easily persuade herself that she was a confessor. If years before she had been calmly able to compare herself to Christ, she would not fail of means to comfort herself when really and truly she was dying in a cause which, if her own, was that of her religion as well.

That Elizabeth did not intend it, we may take on her own word:—"You cannot believe," she said to the French ambassador, "that if it was really done by my orders, I should lay the blame on a

wretched secretary."—"Five of them did it," she added; "and if they had not grown gray in my service, they should have paid dearly for it."

But if it was not her act, it was well done. It was the act of faithful servants, who loved their queen better than she loved herself, and who were ready to risk their own favor to save her. Peace be with them all! They are all together now, where there are no more conspiracies to form or to revenge. It has been no wish of ours to wave again the black banner with its sad blazonries over the grave of Mary, but Elizabeth's fame must not be darkened because Mary sinned and suffered. Let us leave M. Mignet, with a hope that this book of his is the last of its kind; that henceforth, when the history of these times is written, it will not be by men who are not afraid to put good for evil and evil for good; and that, for himself, he will find some better use for his high talents than to employ them in stereotyping calumny and stimulating a vicious sympathy with wrong.

WONDERFUL THINGS PUT IN PAWN.—How a child's caul is frequently offered. How Bank of England notes are often pawned for security's sake, especially by hop-pickers, who have no settled home. How gamblers have a superstitious idea that pawnbrokers' money is lucky, and therefore pawn bank-notes in order to get pawnbrokers' cash to play with. How a 1,000*l.* note was once pawned by a gambler at a shop near Charing-cross. Further, how a German nobleman took to a pawnbroker at the west end of London, only three years ago, his wife's patent of Spanish nobility. How the whole stock of an apothecary's shop, including pills, perfumery, draughts, bottles, ointments, counters, desks, pestles, mortars, scales, and infinitesimal weights, was once pawned, and remained unredeemed for two years, when it was taken out to be started in business in a fashionable neighborhood. How there have been included among pawnbrokers' pledges such extraordinary articles as an immense dancing-booth, well known at fairs and races; live parrots, several hundredweights of human hair, a travelling carriage complete, a horse and chaise, and some 12,000*l.* worth (from one place in one year) of manufactured silk. How 1,000*l.* was not long since lent on Manchester goods, which it took My Uncle and assistants four days to examine. But most of these loans were not strictly pawnbroking transactions, being beyond the limits set by the pawnbroking act of Parliament, and being effected under private agreement. Likewise, how My Uncle, besides the ordinary risks of his calling, occasionally suffers from mistakes, not of his own commission, as in the following case. One Saturday night a clergyman of the Church of England, having been dining with a friend, (which phrase we use in a perfectly innocent and literal sense,) found himself walking home in a heavy rain with no money in his pocket, and no one at his chambers of whom to borrow any when he got home. In this difficulty, he stepped into My Uncle's, and there deposited his great-coat. About a month afterwards he called to redeem it; but, on its being produced, most positively denied that that coat was his. Being a gentleman of undoubted respectability, his assurance was readily believed; some unaccountable mistake was supposed to have arisen at My Uncle's, and he received a full and proper compensation for his loss. Within a short time afterwards two gentlemen called upon My Uncle to remind him of the circumstance, to repay the money, and to inform him that it had since transpired that the clergyman (then dead) had taken from his friend's house a coat that was not his own, and had never discovered his error.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

From the Spectator.

SPENCER'S TRAVELS IN EUROPEAN TURKEY.\*

WITH a narrative of travels through the wilder parts of European Turkey Mr. Spencer intermingles historical sketches of the races in whose province he happens to be travelling, with various speculations on the policy and prospects of the Ottoman government and the Slavonian peoples. These episodes somewhat interrupt his story, and are not always so fresh as their author seems to suppose, especially as regards Servia; nor are the speculations of a very practical kind. However, they are both appropriate, as being readily suggested by scenes before the writer; and the political speculations refer to districts but little known here, though Russian intrigue, Austrian disturbances, or a Turkish war, either civil or foreign, could render them of importance.

Mr. Spencer's narrative of his travels commences at Belgrade, where he entered Servia; and in this principality he sojourned some time at the frontier town of Alexinitz, making it a head-quarters for excursions about Servia itself, into the neighboring provinces of the Turks. He subsequently journeyed through Macedon, Albania, and Epirus, to Prevesa; taking advantage of a Turkish reconnoitering expedition to pass into Bosnia—for the whole district was engaged in insurrection or preparing for revolt. On arriving at Prevesa, Mr. Spencer visited the Ionian Islands, Athens, and Smyrna; returning by Gallipoli, Adrianople, and the Danube.

So far as regards experience, Mr. Spencer is well qualified to travel with advantage in Turkey. He is an old traveller in the East, acquainted with some of the languages, versed in the customs of the people, and able to endure the fatigue, exposure, and occasionally the privations, that attend upon travel in thinly-inhabited and half-savage countries. He had interest to procure an imperial firman, and luck to get some letters from provincial pachas, as well as to meet on friendly terms with strangers in high office in the Turkish service, including several renegades. He passed through the country at an exciting period; for a revolt was getting up against the authority of the Porte, on ill-will dating from the massacre of the Janissaries, and now aggravated by the forcible conscription, as well as the chronic state of oppression prevailing throughout the Turkish provinces.

The whole region is well worth studying for its natural beauties, the character of the people, and its social condition. From the Danube to the Grecian frontier, from the Adriatic to the confines of Macedonia, the country is the finest in Europe; and if the climate is in many parts dangerous, it is owing to the neglect of man. The mountains, though they do not reach the altitude of the Alps or Pyrenees, and though they want the sublimity of magnitude, are as wild and as grand in form as the greater ranges, more various and more picturesque, with a much richer vegetation and a greater beauty. The valleys are spots of charming loveliness, and, with the plains, are fertile, but mostly neglected; when cultivated at all, it is

badly and in fear, the result of a government which combines the extremes of despotism and anarchy. Yet, in spite of ages of tyranny and religious bigotry—shown more, however, by the Christians of the Greek and Roman Churches than by Mahometans—the people are fine fellows, especially when removed from the influence of priests and rulers; simple, hospitable, brave and hardy, with much natural courtesy and kindness to their friends and to strangers. Towards their immediate enemies, indeed, they do not exhibit the same qualities; having a similar feeling to that with which the Scotch Highlander of the middle ages regarded the member of a neighboring clan with which his own was at feud.

The social condition of these countries is a subject still more worthy of study; for it is here that the historical inquirer may realize, as far as is now possible, the migrations, modes of settlement, manners, and state of life, during the early part of the middle ages; always subject, of course, to the variations produced by the physical features of the country, race, and circumstances. Beyond the inherent characteristics which go with his organization, the modern Greek can furnish the observer with faint or no ideas of his former state. He has been thoroughly subdued, has lived always in the presence of his subduers, and those subduers formed a large part of the society around him; everything originating in independent nationality has been crushed out of him. The remark may be applied to the districts North and West of Constantinople; but Servia, Bosnia, Albania, Epirus, Macedonia, and some smaller provinces, have been rather conquered than subdued. They were continually plundered and oppressed, but their mountains and forests were a protection to the people, and, when oppression grew unbearable, a defence. A Turkish pacha would of course squeeze out of any district the last para he could get; but a wild mountainous country, full of fastnesses, with half-subdued inhabitants, whose wealth was chiefly in their herds, could not be squeezed like a champagne or a city. From the time of the Ottoman conquest, and even from an earlier period, these provinces remained nearly isolated from the world, and they are in much the same state now as when Europe settled down into something like form after the chaos which followed the barbarian invasions; always excepting a great feudal nobility, whom the Turks swept away. Even yet there are mountain districts into which the Ottomans have never dared to venture; in many places the all-wandering Englishman has not been seen, and is as great a sight as the white man in the centre of Africa.

Now that my *pandour* had got into his own country, every man that we met appeared to be one of his friends, to whom he most industriously proclaimed that his *Effendi* was an *Ingleski*, at the same time creating me, by his own letters patent, pacha, *bimbashi*, or whatever other title it pleased him to invest me with; consequently, I became an object of great interest: they had seen a *Rouss*, (Russian,) a *Nem-shee*, (German,) and a *Frank*; but an *Ingleski*, never.

At the first village in which we remained to rest and refresh ourselves, men, women, and children, came running from the fields to see the *Ingleski*: the men shook hands with me; the women and children were made to touch me, that they might boast of their good fortune to their distant friends, that they had seen an *Ingleski*—a man of that wonderful nation whose marvellous deeds filled the earth with admiration—a people that could make everything, do every-

\* Travels in European Turkey, in 1850, through Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Thrace, Albania, and Epirus; with a Visit to Greece and the Ionian Isles; and a Homeward Tour through Hungary and the Slavonian Provinces of Austria on the Lower Danube. By Edmund Spencer, Esq., Author of "Travels in Circassia," &c. &c. In two volumes. Published by Colburn and Co.



thing, and travelled in the air, the fire, and the water.

Most assuredly, I felt very self-complacent on the subject of dear old England; though I could not help thinking we had not yet acquired the art of steering balloons to our satisfaction, and that we did not ride in chariots of fire, as they supposed, but only used them to propel carriages of a less dangerous description. I received numerous invitations from my good villagers, to visit them in their houses, and remain some days among them. The hanji and his jis were fully occupied in serving raki and coffee to those who wished to drink with me; and a host of tchibouques were offered me, as guarantees, at the same time, of their good faith and of my safety if I remained among them.

My weapons next attracted attention, especially a pair of small detonating pocket-pistols, with their revolving barrels; then the excellence of my powder, the neat, compact dressing-case, with its knife, fork, and spoon, and other trifling articles, so necessary to the traveller; all of which underwent the strictest examination, ever eliciting exclamations of wonder and admiration.

This ancient Roman in the guise of a waiter was encountered at starting, in Belgrade itself.

Having dined at Semlin, we only required some slight refreshment: therefore, imitating our companions of the han, a clapping of hands, and the cry of "hanji" summoned to our aid a ji, or, as a Yankee would say, one of the helps of the hanji; who presented himself in the form of a youth of such classic outline of proportion and features, that he might have passed for the original of one of those fine statues of Roman heroes we see in Italy. As it was, the abundant dark glossy hair that fell over his broad shoulders, the simple tunic of coarse linen, secured round the waist, forming a kilt over his bare legs and feet, gave him so wild an appearance that we might have supposed he had been just taken in the woods and made his first *débüt* as a waiter at our han.

On demanding the name and nation of our ji, he informed us, with some show of pride, that he was a Roumani from the republic of Zagori, in the Pindus, and was called Liouli. These Zinzars, as they are termed by the Turks and the Slavonians, and by themselves Roumaniski, are everywhere found in these provinces as shepherds, petty shopkeepers, hanjis, and pedlars.

We were able to carry on something like a conversation with our ji, Liouli, by means of Latin: the idiom he spoke was, however, intermingled with words of Slavonian, Greek, and Turkish origin, and with others to which we were a stranger, and might be Dacian. The circumstance, in itself though trifling, is highly interesting, since it shows us a people scarcely numbering half a million in these provinces, still preserving for century after century, not only the language, but the tradition of their fathers; and so great is the national feeling among this race of the ancient Romans, that, in our case, the simple fact of being able to converse with them drew to our han several Zinar traders established here, offering the hospitality of their own private houses, as if we were descendants of the same race.

A scanty population, a fertile soil, and the absence of commerce, or of any outlet for produce—partly from the want of roads and the backward state of the country, partly from the obstacles which Austria and Russia interpose to trade—render prices ridiculously low.

In the present day, were it not for the occasional glimpse of a tiny hamlet, partly hid in some deep dell or romantic forest, or a swineherd tending his half-

wild pigs, we might deem the country uninhabited but that it contained, in remote ages, a numerous population, and was a district of great importance from its near proximity to the Danube, is attested by the ruins of towns and forts, here so frequently met with. Numerous vestiges of its occupation by the Romans still exist in their well-known paved roads, forts, and castellated towers.

The trifling value attached to land in this principality must appear incredible to those persons accustomed to estimate its value in Western Europe. While passing over Mount Mirotsch, I had for my companion a wealthy Servian, enveloped in his sheepskin kabanitza, and, as usual with those people, armed to the teeth—pistols in his girdles, and long gun slung across his shoulder. However fierce and warlike might be his aspect, in other respects he was a complete child of nature, ignorant of the great world, its cares and troubles. He was the proprietor of the land over which we were then travelling, but appeared to attach very little importance to its possession; the value of his large army of pigs, goats, and sheep, which he declared increased so rapidly that he never knew their real number, seemed principally to occupy his attention.

Our wealthy swineherd pointed out to me a drove of fat grunterns, who were then most diligently turning up the earth in search of some root more dainty than the heaps of acorns that lay around them, and requested me to tell him how much he should be likely to obtain a head for them in the London markets. When I assured him that each animal would be worth at least three hundred Turkish piastres, he cast upon me a look expressive at once of incredulity and anger, evidently regarding me as some mischief-loving Frank, who was amusing himself with his ignorance. Then, without even vouchsafing me a single "slouga," or a "phala-bog," the usual salutation at parting, he spurred his steed, and, being well mounted, soon left us in the distance.

I did not feel surprised at the conduct of the good Servian, or his disbelief in my assertions, since the Austrians, who are the sole purchasers here, never pay more than three or four florins a head for these animals, and then send them to every market in Germany. Might not this prove an advantageous speculation for some of our own wealthy traders? In the interior of the country they can be bought even at a lower rate; at the same time their flavor, being similar to that of the wild boar, which they somewhat resemble in form, renders them the more acceptable to the epicure. Now, as the Danube is equally open to the commercial speculation of an Englishman as an Austrian, I trust that some of my friends will profit by the hint, and make their fortunes.

I feel assured that if some of our enterprising countrymen, acquainted with commercial pursuits, were to visit these provinces of European Turkey, they would find a rich field, as yet unexplored: both here as well as in Moldavia and Wallachia, I found a most anxious desire on the part of the inhabitants to establish a more intimate commercial connexion with Great Britain. Prince Constantine Soutzo, of Moldavia, one of the most extensive landed proprietors of the province, frequently expressed to me his wishes to that effect, and begged me, on my return home, to open for him a negotiation with some English merchant for the disposal of his timber, corn, and cattle, which seemed to lie upon his hands without the possibility of a sale.

In the interior of Bulgaria and Upper Moesia, the low price of provisions and cattle of every description is almost fabulous compared with the prices of Western Europe. A fat sheep or lamb usually costs from eightpence to two shillings, an ox forty shillings, cows thirty shillings, and a horse, in the best possible travelling condition, from four to five pounds sterling; wool, hides, tallow, wax, and honey, are

equally low In the towns and hans by the road-side, everything is sold by weight: you can get a pound of meat for a halfpenny, a pound of bread for the same, and wine, which is also sold by weight, costs about the same money.

In Servia, pigs everywhere form the staple commodity of the country. I have seen some that would weigh from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, or more, offered for sale at three hundred Turkish piastres the dozen; in the neighborhood of the Danube they fetch a little more. The expense of keeping these animals in a country abounding with forests being so trifling, and the prospect of gain to the proprietor so certain, we cannot wonder that no landowner is without them, and that they constitute the richest class in the principality. In fact, pig-jobbers are here men of the highest rank: the prince, his ministers, civil and military governors, are all engaged in this lucrative traffic.

The conclusion which Mr. Spencer draws from these and many similar facts he has collected is, that this country is more favorable for English colonization than Canada or the United States. He overlooks several objections, however—the difference in language, manners, and institutions, and more than all, the insecurity of property and life. In Servia, indeed, the risk of life may not be great, but the colonists would have Austria and Russia for neighbors, throwing every obstacle in their way. As for the diplomatic arrangements which Mr. Spencer talks of, to give Englishmen security, and so forth, they are not physically impossible, and that is about all.

The first qualities in a traveller are observation and description, or the power of conveying his observations to others. In these qualities Mr. Spencer is by no means deficient, though his manner is somewhat rhetorical; but in his volumes speculation and the result of historical readings bear too large a proportion to what the traveller actually saw or underwent. The volumes, however, contain a good deal of new information, striking pictures, and characteristic incidents respecting countries interesting in themselves, and which revolution or diplomacy might in a moment elevate into importance.

From the Examiner.

*Narrative of the Voyage of her Majesty's Ship Rattlesnake, commanded by the late Captain Owen Stanley, R. N., F. R. S.* By JOHN MACGILLIVRAY, F. R. G. S., Naturalist to the Expedition. Two vols. T. and W. Boone.

MR. MACGILLIVRAY has here published one of the best books of travels of its class which has fallen under our notice for many years. It is indeed second only to one to which all books of maritime travels are likely to be second for a long time to come, we mean that portion of the "Narrative of the Voyage of the Adventure and Beagle" which is Mr. Charles Darwin's. The main object of the voyage of the Rattlesnake was to complete the survey of Torres Straits, and of the coasts and islands which are adjacent to it, on the shores of two of the greatest islands of the globe, Australia and New Guinea; the practical purpose being to throw open the portal of the grand route which connects Australia and Polynesia with all Asia and its islands. Captain Stanley, a man of talent, action, and enterprise, had just completed his laborious and valuable survey, when, too early for the science which he successfully cultivated and the friends

who loved and admired him, he was cut off, far removed from the latter. The book, we observe, is gracefully dedicated to his grieving mother, the widow of the late liberal and accomplished Bishop of Norwich.

The judicious narrator of the expedition has been no idle observer of the strange countries and stranger people that were brought under his notice in his four years' peregrination, and hence the public is presented with much varied knowledge, not only regarding his own special scientific pursuits, but relating to the rude and strange men of whom little or nothing was known before, and about whom, it must also be admitted, much remains still to be known.

Mr. Macgillivray's chief, although not his sole labors, were confined to the northern or tropical side of Australia, to the islands which lie in Torres Straits, to some portions of the south-eastern coast of New Guinea, and to a chain of islands, the Louisiade, which stretches out from the south-eastern extremity of that coast.

We shall first notice what Mr. Macgillivray says respecting our attempted settlements in tropical Australia. For five-and-twenty years we experimented in such settlements, and Port Essington, in about the twelfth degree of north latitude, and full nine degrees of longitude distant from the highway of civilized nations, after a languid and hectic existence of twelve years, was finally abandoned in 1849. The place was hot, unwholesome, unsuited to either colonization, or emporium, or harbor of refuge, and with a wretchedly poor soil, producing plants and herbs that poisoned the very cattle. "And now," says Mr. Macgillivray, who visited it, "after the settlement had been established for eleven years, the settlers are not even able to keep themselves in fresh vegetables, much less efficiently to supply any of her majesty's vessels which may happen to call there." It strikes us, indeed, that all of this great continent which lies north of the thirtieth degree of latitude, embracing one half of it, will be found unfit for the dwelling of Europeans. The only people that could colonize it to advantage would be the Chinese; and assuredly, in affording such material, the redundant population of that vast country would at once contribute to the profit of their countrymen who emigrated, and to that of those who staid at home. Who knows but that the remote descendants of the living generation may not improbably see Australia equally divided between an Anglo-Saxon and a Chinese population, both good subjects of the descendants of Queen Victoria?

The social state of the inhabitants in the neighborhood of Port Essington is well described by Mr. Macgillivray, and we shall copy some portion of his graphic account.

The aborigines of Port Essington scarcely differ from those of the other parts of Australia—I mean, there is no striking peculiarity. The septum of the nose is invariably perforated, and the right central incisor—rarely the left, is knocked out during childhood. Both sexes are more or less ornamented with large raised cicatrices on the shoulders and across the chest, abdomen, and buttocks, and outside of the thighs. No clothing is at any time worn by these people, and their ornaments are few in number. These last consist chiefly of wristlets of the fibres of a plant—and armlets of the same, wound round with cordage, are in nearly universal use. Necklaces of fragments of reed strung on a thread, or of cordage

passing under the arms and crossed over the back, and girdles of finely-twisted human hair, are occasionally worn by both sexes, and the men sometimes add a tassel of the hair of the opossum or flying-squirrel, suspended in front. A piece of stick or bone thrust into the perforation in the nose completes the costume. Like the other Australians, the Port Essington blacks are fond of painting themselves with red, yellow, white, and black, in different styles, considered appropriate to dancing, fighting, mourning, &c.—These people construct no huts, except during the rainy season, when they put up a rude and temporary structure of bark. Their utensils are few in number, consisting merely of fine baskets of the stems of a rush-like plant, and others of the base of the leaf of the *Seaforthia* palm, the latter principally used for containing water. Formerly bark canoes were in general use, but they are now completely superseded by others, hollowed out of the trunk of a tree, which they procure ready-made from the Malays, in exchange for tortoise-shell, and in return for assistance in collecting trepang. . . . The food of the aborigines consists chiefly of fish and shell-fish, to which as subsidiary articles may be added lizards, snakes, opossums, various birds, and an occasional kangaroo, turtle, dugong, or porpoise. . . . Before the arrival of Europeans, in cases of remarkable disease or accident, certain old men, known by the name of *bilbo*, (by which cognomen the medical officers of the settlement have also been distinguished,) were applied to for advice. I know of no popular remedies, however, with the exception of tight ligatures near a wound, bruise, or sore, the object of which is to prevent the malady from passing into the body. In like manner for a head-ache, a fillet is bound tightly across the forehead. These people, like most other savages, recover in a most surprising manner from wounds and other injuries which would probably prove fatal to a European. . . . On the death of any one of the natives, the relatives give utterance to their grief in loud cries, sobs, and shrieks, continued to exhaustion. Some cut their bodies and tear their hair, and the women paint their faces with broad white bands. The body is watched by night, and the appearance of the first falling star is hailed with loud shouts and waving of fire-brands, to drive off the *yimburbar*, an evil spirit which is the cause of all deaths and other calamities, and feeds on the entrails of the newly dead. When decomposition has gone on sufficiently far, the bones are carefully removed, painted red, wrapped up in bark, and carried about with the tribe for some time; after which they are finally deposited, either in a hollow tree or a shallow grave, over which a low mound of earth and stones is raised, occasionally ornamented with posts at the corners. I was unable to find out what circumstances determine the mode of burial in each case; neither differences of sex, age, or class, are sufficient, as several natives whom I questioned told me which of the two kinds of burial his or her body would receive, without being able to assign any reason. Their reverence for the dead is probably not very great, as even the relatives of the deceased will sell the skull or skeleton for a small consideration, on condition of the matter being kept a secret. Like other Australians they carefully refrain from mentioning the name of any one who is dead, and, like them, believe in the transmigration of souls—after death they become Malays, (the first strangers they had come in contact with,) in precisely the same way as in New South Wales, &c., “when black-fellow die, he jump up white-fellow.”—In addition to the *yimburbar* above mentioned, there is another supernatural being, which has a corporeal existence. It appears in the shape of a man, and loves to grapple with stragglers in the dark, and carry them off. So much is the *arlsk* an object of dread, that a native will not willingly go alone in the dark, even a very short distance from his fire, without carrying a light.

Some have assured me that they had seen this *arlsk*, and one man showed me wounds said to have been inflicted by its teeth, and I have no doubt of his having firmly believed that they were produced in this manner.—Although in each tribe there are three distinct classes, possibly ranks, or perhaps something analogous to the division in other countries into castes, yet there does not appear to be anything approaching to chieftainship. There are a few elderly men, however, in each tribe, who, having acquired a reputation for sagacity and energy, exercise a certain degree of authority over the younger members, and generally manage important matters in their own way. Yet very few of these principal men are of the highest class, the *manjerijelle*—the middle is termed *manjerawule*—and the lowest *manbulget*; but I could not succeed in making out what privileges, if any, are enjoyed by the superior classes. The members of all three appeared to be upon a perfect equality.—Polygamy, although one of their institutions, is little practised, as few men have more than one wife at a time. The betrothal of a female takes place in infancy, and often even before birth. A few half-caste children have been born, but they do not appear to thrive, although this does not imply any want of attention on the part of the mothers.—These natives are fond of social enjoyment. Their evenings are passed away round the fires, with songs generally of a low, plaintive, and not unpleasant character, time being kept by beating one bone or stick upon another. They have besides what may be called a musical instrument—the *ibero*—a piece of bamboo, three feet in length, which, by blowing into it, is made to produce an interrupted, drumming, monotonous noise. In their dances I observed nothing peculiar.—In illustration of their laws relative to punishments, and to show their identity with those of other Australian tribes, I may mention a circumstance which came under my own knowledge. One night, about ten o'clock, hearing an uproar at a native encampment near the hospital, I ran out and found that a young man, named Munjerrijo, having excited the jealousy of another, of the name of Yungun, on account of some improper conduct towards the wife of the latter, had been severely wounded, his arm being broken with a club, and his head laid open with an iron-headed fishing spear. As the punishment was considered too severe for the offence, it was finally determined that, upon Munjerrijo's recovery, the two natives who had wounded him should offer their heads to him to be struck with a club—the usual way, it would appear, of settling such matters.

Like the Australian tribes, those of Port Essington are frequently at feud with their neighbors, and quarrels sometimes last for years, or, if settled, are apt to break out afresh. In these cases the *lex talionis* is the only recognized one. I may give an example. A Monobar native (inhabitant of the country to the westward of the isthmus) was shot by a marine in the execution of his duty, for attempting to escape while in custody, charged with robbery. When his tribe heard of it, as they could not lay their hands upon a white man, they enticed into their territory a Bijenelumbo man, called Neimnal, who was a friend of the whites, having lived with them for years, and on that account he was selected as a victim and killed. When the news of Neimnal's death reached the settlement, some other Bijenelumbo people took revenge by killing a Monobar native within a few hundred yards of the houses. Thus the matter rests at present, but more deaths will probably follow before the feud is ended. Both these murders were committed under circumstances of the utmost atrocity, the victims being surprised asleep unconscious of danger and perfectly defenceless, then aroused to find themselves treacherously attacked by numbers, who, after spearing them in many places, fearfully mangled the bodies with clubs.—In some of the settled districts of Australia.

missionaries have been established for many years back, still it must be confessed that the results of their labors are far from being encouraging. Indeed, no less an authority than Mr. Eyre, writing in 1848, unhesitatingly states as follows: "Nor is it in my recollection," says he, "that throughout the length and breadth of New Holland, a single real and permanent convert to Christianity has yet been made amongst them." From what I myself have seen or heard, in the colony of New South Wales, I have reason to believe the missionary efforts there, while proving a complete failure so far as regards the Christianizing of the blacks, have yet been productive of much good in rendering them less dangerous and more useful to their white neighbors, without, however, permanently reclaiming more than a few from their former wandering and savage mode of life, and enabling them and their families to live contentedly on the produce of their own labor. I am not one of those who consider that the Australian is not susceptible of anything like such permanent improvement as may be termed civilization, although it appears to have been sufficiently proved that his intellectual capacity is of a very low order.

From this statement, and from what is well known from other sources, there can be no doubt but that the inhabitants of Australia, whether from inferiority of race, or unfavorableness of position, (most probably both combined,) are in the very lowest grade of human existence, while no one can venture to assert that they are, by a single day, a more recent creation than ourselves. They have languages more complex in structure than any modern European, which it must have taken untold ages to have formed; but while both Europeans and Asiatics have advanced in civilization, they have scarcely acquired the first rudiments of it. In physical form they are distinct from all the other races of man, and greatly inferior not only to every race of Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, but to every insular race in their neighborhood, whether Malayan, Negro, or Polynesian. Such is the fact, but we presume to draw no inference.

Independent, however, of the physical inferiority of the race, the Australians have labored under the disadvantage that the products of their country yielded no raw materials to work on. Australia produces no one single corn, no pulse fit for cultivation, and but a single valuable root—a true yam or dioscœrea, which, however, was not cultivated. Even in the tropical part of it, the banana and the cocoa-nut were found wanting; or if a species of the first existed, it was not cultivated. Moreover, the handy and useful bamboo, common to tropical Asia, Africa, and America, is wanting. Again, Australia had produced no animal capable of domestication, for food or labor, except the rather doubtful one of the dog, and he was employed to assist in the chase only. Still, it must be recollected that, whether as to aids from the vegetable or animal kingdom, the bold and masculine New Zealanders, who had made considerable advances in civilization before we came in contact with them, had yet been nearly as ill off as the Australians, and with a more rigorous climate to struggle against.

The inexhaustible ocean furnishes the chief supply of food to the Australians, and Mr. Macgillivray's narrative contains some striking passages describing their modes of fishing. How population is kept down to the means of subsistence by the savages of Australia is also very fully explained by Mr. Macgillivray.

Piaquai, (before mentioned,) when spoken to about

his wife, whom he had killed a fortnight before in a fit of passion, seemed much amused at the idea of having got rid of her unborn child at the same time. One morning, at Cape York, Paidá did not keep his appointment with me as usual; on making inquiry, I found he had been squabbling with one of his wives a few minutes before, about some trifle, and had speared her through the hip and groin. On expressing my disapproval of what he had done, adding that white men never acted in that manner, he turned it off by jocularly observing that although I had only one wife, he had two, and could easily spare one of them. As a further proof of the low condition of the women, I may state that it is upon them that the only restrictions in eating particular sorts of food are imposed. Many kinds of fish, including some of the best, are forbidden, on the pretence of their causing disease in women, although not injurious to the men. The hawksbill turtle and its eggs are forbidden to women suckling; and no female, until beyond child-bearing, is permitted to eat of the Torres Strait pigeon.

The population of Muralug is kept always about the same numerical standard by the small number of births, and the occasional practice of infanticide. Few women rear more than three children, and, besides, most of those born before marriage are doomed to be killed immediately after birth, unless the father—which is seldom the case—is desirous of saving the child—if not, he gives the order *marama teio*, (throw it into the hole,) and it is buried alive accordingly. Even of other infants, some, especially females, are made away with in a similar manner when the mother is disinclined to support it.

We turn now to a different race of man, that which inhabits the south-east coast of New Guinea, the Louisiade Archipelago, and all the islands in or near Torres Straits, except the Prince of Wales' Islands, which are occupied by Australians. This race has been frequently called Papua, a corruption of the Malay adjective *papua*, which means frizzled or woolly, and is applicable to any object, dead or living, possessing this quality, just as well as to the woolly head of the negro. Several races of negroes, differing essentially in physical form, seem to inhabit the island of New Guinea—mighty in extent at least, for it is more than thrice the size of Britain. Mr. Macgillivray, however, saw one race only, which is identical with that inhabiting the Louisiade Archipelago and the islands in Torres Straits, and he describes it as follows:—

It would be difficult to state the peculiarities of this portion of the Papuan race, (including also the inhabitants of the Louisiade,) for even the features exhibit nearly as many differences as exist among a miscellaneous collection of individuals of any European nation. They appear to me to be resolvable into several indistinct types, with intermediate gradations; thus occasionally we met with strongly marked Negro characteristics, but still more frequently with the Jewish cast of features, while every now and then a face presented itself which struck me as being perfectly Malayan. In general, the head is narrow in front, and wide and very high behind, the face broad from the great projection and height of the cheek-bones and depression at the temples; the chin narrow in front, slightly receding, with prominent angles to the jaw; the nose more or less flattened and widened at the wings, with dilated nostrils, a broad, slightly arched and gradually rounded bridge, pulled down at the top by the use of the nose-stick; and the mouth rather wide, with thickened lips, and incisors flattened on top as if ground down.—Although the hair of the head is almost invariably woolly, and, if not cropped close, or shaved, frizzled out into a mop, instances were met with in which it had no woolly tendency, but was either in short curls, or long and soft without convey-



ing any harsh feeling to the touch. In color too it varied, although usually black, and when long, pale or reddish at the tips; yet some people of both sexes were observed having it naturally of a bright red color, but still woolly. The beard and mustache, when present, which is seldom the case, are always scanty, and there is very little scattered hair upon the body.—The color of the skin varies from a light to a dark copper color, the former being the prevailing hue; individuals of a light yellowish-brown hue are often met with, but this color of the skin is not accompanied by distinctive features.—The average stature of these Papuans is less than our own, being only about five feet four inches; this did not seem to be the case when seen alongside, but on board the ship, and especially when clothed, the difference became very apparent. Although well made, and far surpassing us in agility, they were our inferiors in muscular power. Their strength was tested by means of a deep sea-lead weighing twenty-two pounds, which none of the natives could hold out at arm's length, although most of us who tried it experienced no difficulty in sustaining the weight for a few seconds.

The natives of New Guinea, instead of being utterly houseless and wandering like the Australians, are decently lodged in fixed abodes; and instead of being without cultivated plants and without domesticated animals, one or other tribe of them has the yam, the batata, the sago-palm, the cocoa-nut, the taro, or *caladium esculentum*, maize or Indian corn, the banana, the bread-fruit, the sugar-cane, ginger, the mango, with the dog and the hog. Mr. Macgillivray gives an elaborate description of their houses, and of their boats, the last an invention unknown to any of the Australians, except a few tribes of the north coast, and there consisting of miserable fragments of bark without oar or sail. The wonder only is that a people who have advanced so far as the natives of New Guinea have not advanced much further, like their neighbors of the islands of Sumatra, Java, Celebes, and Luconia;—that they have not acquired, for example, the knowledge of the useful and precious metals, and even like them invented letters. Have they been precluded from this advance by one universal and unconquerable tropical forest, and the absence of those clear plains and table lands which have been in all other parts of the world the first cradles of civilization? This is not improbable, and yet would be hardly reconcilable with the existence of mountain ranges, the peaks of six of which, as measured by our voyagers, exceeded 9,000 feet, while one of them attained the height of 13,205, which is about the altitude of the Yungfrau.

Long accustomed to the wretched savages of Australia, Mr. Macgillivray and his companions were forcibly struck with the more comfortable state of the Papuans. Half their wants are supplied by the cocoa-nut, they have cleanly habits, they build comfortable huts, cultivate bananas and yams, keep pigs, and when inclined can feed on fish and turtle. The Papuans have also invented pottery; but they are unacquainted with iron, or any other metal; neither do they possess cotton cloth, or any other woven tissue. Instead of being stark-naked, however, like the Australians, the men have some sort of cover for decency, and the women a petticoat, of no great length to be sure, but still a petticoat. In both cases the material is usually of the leaf of the cocoa-nut, the climatic substitute for the fig-leaf. On gala-days the dress is of some finer material. The women, a marked sign of advance in civilization, are treated by them

with consideration. Here is a noticeable fact from the picture of their condition, as observed by our author.

We had no means of forming a judgment regarding the condition of the women in a social state, but they appeared to be treated by the men as equals, and to exercise considerable influence over them. On all occasions they were the loudest talkers, and seemed to act from a perfect right to have everything their own way. It is worthy of mention that, even in their own village, and on all other occasions where we had an opportunity of observing them, they acted with perfect propriety, and although some indecent allusions were now and then made by the men, this was never done in the presence of the women.

Mr. Macgillivray describes the Papuans as "very honest" in their bartering transactions; and Cook's experience of the Polynesian negroes, it will be remembered, was to the same effect; but it appears that when seduced by the love of plunder they can be both bold and treacherous. They attacked two of the boats of the Rattlesnake in the close vicinity of the frigate, in hopes of capturing them.

This act of deliberate treachery was perpetrated by persons who had always been well treated by us, for several of the natives present were recognized as having been alongside the ship in Coral Haven. This, their first act of positive hostility, affords, I think, conclusive evidence of the savage disposition of the natives of this part of the Louisiade when excited by the hope of plunder, and shows that no confidence should ever be reposed in them unless, perhaps, in the presence of a numerically superior force, or the close vicinity of the ship. At the same time the boldness of these savages in attacking, with thirty men in three canoes, two boats known to contain at least twenty persons—even in hopes of taking them by surprise—and in not being at once driven off upon feeling the novel and deadly effects of musketry, indicates no little amount of bravery. In the course of the same day, when Lieut. Dayman was close in-shore with the galley, laying down the coast line, he had occasion to approach the native village before alluded to, and observed the men following the boat along the beach within gunshot, sharpening and poisoning their spears, violently gesticulating and calling out loudly, as if daring him to land. A favorable opportunity was now afforded for punishing the natives for their treachery; but, from highly commendable motives of humanity, no steps were taken for this purpose by Lieut. Dayman, and they were treated with silent contempt.

The Papuans, we think it highly probable, have derived some portion of their civilization from the Malays or Javanese, although essentially differing from them both, in race as well as language. This would seem to be distinctly indicated by the specimens of their language given by Mr. Macgillivray. Thus, in a short vocabulary, the names for house, hog, cocoa-nut, sugar-cane—all the numerals, and several less significant words—are corrupt Malay or Javanese; while in 828 words of the Kowarega, the language of an Australian people of the neighborhood of Cape York, although supposed by our voyager to be mixed with the Papuan races, there exist but five words, and, indeed, out of these, only one that is certain, and even that unimportant. This, at least, on the part of the Papuans, shows a capacity to learn what is useful; whereas the Australians are at this day as houseless, breechesless, and religionless, as when the English settled at Botany Bay sixty-three years ago.

Hitherto we have agreed with Mr. Macgillivray. While he sees for himself he sees clearly, concludes judiciously, and describes simply and forcibly; but when he looks through other men's spectacles, he is at once in the clouds, and all is vapor. We allude to what he says, generally on the faith of others, on the obscure, difficult, and, for the present at least, very unsatisfactory question of ethnology. What is known is easily summed up. The whole of the inhabitants of Australia are of one race, differing completely from every other race of man; they speak, as do the American Indians, innumerable languages differing from each other. The whole of the inhabitants of New Guinea are negroes, varying among themselves, but differing most essentially from all African, Asiatic-insular, and all Polynesian negroes; and, as far as our knowledge extends, (it is not far,) they speak innumerable languages having no fundamental connection with the tongues of Australia, or the tongues of any other part of the world. So much is tolerably well ascertained. The rest of the field is the region of conjecture, of which we know about as much as we should of the races and languages of the moon by looking through Lord Ross' telescope. Let us give one or two examples of the vagaries which have obtained currency on this subject.

Nearly all ethnologists have supposed the existence of a distinct race of men, in the interior of some of the islands of the Malayan Archipelago and New Guinea, whom they call Harfours, Haraforas, or Alforas. No one can say whether they be black, brown, or yellow, and hardly any one pretends even to have seen them. Yet the word to which so much false importance has been attached is not the name of any people or race, or even an oriental word at all, but a corruption of the Portuguese *Alforria*, "enfranchisement," which those early European conquerors in the Indies appear to have applied to the wild or independent islanders, just as the Spaniards applied *Indios Bravos* to the unsubdued Americans. The existence of the letter *f* in the word ought to have excited suspicion, for it is very rarely found in any of the insular languages. Thus, in 475 words of three Papuan languages given by Mr. Macgillivray, it never once occurs. Ethnologists have also proceeded to found a great family of negroes on the faith of the word *papua*, which, as we have already said, is the adjective "woolly or frizzly," in a language almost as foreign as Portuguese to all the people to whom it is applied. It is consequently about as discriminating as if we were to distinguish races, as Pope did women, by "black, brown, or fair."

Moreover, ethnologists are much given to trace the migrations of nations without the glimmer of a taper to light them through the long, dark caverns of time. They will give man no rest. They represent savages, who have never a spare day's provisions on hand, and hardly a canoe fit to paddle in a creek, travelling over forests and mountains, crossing bad rivers and seas, and journeying for no apparent purpose to countries they never heard of, and proceeding from countries where they are never known to have existed. After this fashion, Australia is supposed to have been peopled from some country or other to the north; and this apparently for no better reason than that there was no land to the south to bring them from, and that they could not well be supposed to have sprung out of the landless ocean which extends to the south pole. Dr. Pritchard goes even so far in

this career of conjecture as to name, because it is the nearest land, the island of Timor as the country from which the Australians directly arrived in their present home, and Java as the country of their origin. But no such people as the Australians exist in Timor or in Java, or are known ever to have existed in either; so that the learned ethnologist might just as well have made his emigrants drop on Australia from the clouds, as a shoal of fish-fry sometimes does within the tropics.

Mr. Macgillivray has supplied us with the vocabularies of two Australian languages of the neighborhood of Cape York, and of three of the Papuan languages. One of the latter is the first ever collected of the languages of the south-east coast of New Guinea and the Louisiade Archipelago. These vocabularies are framed with great care, and as correct, we have no doubt, as was practicable with the too many disadvantages under which he, with all voyagers, must labor. The appendix contains a very ingenious dissertation by Dr. Latham on these vocabularies. The naturalist will, of course, find the appendices on zoology of great value, for they embrace many newly-discovered objects.

After the quotations we have made, we need hardly add that the readers of Mr. Macgillivray's book will find in it a store both of instruction and amusement; and we therefore most cordially recommend it.

From the Examiner.

#### TO THE CITY OF NEW YORK, ON ITS RECEPTION OF KOSSUTH.

CITY of men! rejoice!  
Not to have heard the voice  
That raised up millions to its country's side,  
But that thy sons respond  
With voice that sounds beyond,  
And shakes across the sea the despot's pride.

My native Albion! thou  
Mayst also glory now;  
These are thy sons; although like Ishmael driven  
To desert lands afar,  
Yet o'er them hung the star  
That showed the sign of freedom bright in heaven.

Iron and gold are theirs:  
And who so justly shares  
These powerful gifts as they whose hands are strong,  
Whose hearts are resolute  
To quell the biped brute  
Trampling on law and rioting on wrong?

Rise, one and all, as when  
Ye hailed the man of men,  
And give not sumptuous feast, nor sounding praise  
To that brave Magyar,  
But wage a pious war  
And shed your glory round his closing days.

December 21. WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

*Salander and the Dragon; A Romance of the Hartz Prison.* By F. W. SHELTON. M. A. New York: G. S. Taylor.

The Rev. Mr. Shelton, of Huntington, L. I., has undertaken in this little volume to set forth the evil of detraction through the medium of an ingenious allegory. The management is very skilful and the lesson strikingly conveyed. The voice of slander is rendered thoroughly odious and detestable, while the characters and scenes which interest the reader are eminently fitted to purify and strengthen the better affections of the heart. We can recommend this work most cordially.—*Calendar.*

From the United Service Magazine.

## A LOOK INTO THE LANDES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

WITH the majority of Englishmen, France is Paris. Their notion of the country of their "volatile neighbors" is composed of the Tuileries and the Louvre—of Maurice's and Galignani's—of lounging and buying cheap jewellery in the Palais Royal—of dining at Vefour's and the Trois Freres—and of smoking the mildest of cigars, and drinking the choicest of coffees seated round the little marble tables—when the mild moon looks pleasantly down upon the broad and glaring Boulevard. Preface this round of recollections with a little brush of sea-sickness and custom-house unpleasanties, and finish it off with a repetition of the same, and you have the sum and substance of the notion of France entertained by many a respectable "gentleman of England." Others, again, of our countrymen, penetrate farther south. They are *en route* for Pau probably, or Marseilles, to take shipping for the East, or for the greenhouse-like atmosphere of Nice. Then, of course, hey for the brains à *grand villesse*, for the crackest steamers on the Saône and the Rhone, or the coupé of the Malle Poste, with the eyes of his mind fixed only on where he is bound for—continually seeing in imagination the white ridges of the Pyrenees, or the blue water of the great inland sea. Your true-born Englishman pants along as fast as steam or horse-flesh can pull him. Is he bound for Pau?—a railway rattle through the Orlennais, across the Loire, and through Breton, then a long, long diligence drag, with interminable straight roads and everlasting poplars, and a glimpse of high-seated Angoulême, and another not much longer of garden-ed Bordeaux, and a day and a night's extra jolting through a dreary region of pines and sand, and John Bull flings himself into the arms of the other John Bull located under the shadow of the Pyrenees; goes to English reading-rooms, eats English dinners, hunts with English foxhounds, dances with English ladies, and is as much at home as if in Marylebone. So of our countrymen bound for Nice. A fleeting vision of a string of fine old cities, connected with which he may call up some dim notions of Burgundy and Charles the Bold; a shoot along a quick-flowing and muddy river, our friend pities from his soul the poor devils in the boats toiling up wearily against the stream; a glance at the bright quays and the bristling forts of Lyons; a still quicker career along the Rhone of scores and scores of leagues, first through vines, and then mulberries, and then olives; and the rail at brave old Avignon rattles him to odoriferous Marseilles; and the snug malle poste bears him off towards Italy, and he begins to smell the orange trees; and that evening he is dining on the banks of the Var, and very probably washing down the cuisine of Provence with the very bitterest of Bass' bitter ale. Thus then do our respected countrymen either linger or lounge, and read the morning papers at Paris, just as at home, or shoot across the country like migrating several towns to some southern colony of their own blood, where beef-steaks and mock turtle are not unknown, and where the talk is of the weather, and the last news hot from London town. How utterly are the nooks and corners, the strange local features and peculiarities of the land neglected by these touch-and-go pilgrims! France (it is the custom with the

travelled English to say) is a poor, unpicturesque country. "La belle France, indeed! Ha! ha! Ugly, flat open country, sir, vines as scrubby as broomsticks, no hedges, no pretty cottages, nothing but straight dreary roads, and dust, and poplars." And to do our worthy countrymen justice, a goodly portion of the land, as seen from the high roads, is not beautiful. But then the bird's-eye view seldom or never catches the lurking bits of perfectness and character with which France is studded. Those who run cannot read them. Nine tenths of Englishmen hurrying through France find the monotony dreary, the same unfenced, wide-spreading sketches of land, the same bloused and sabotted peasantry, the same poplars on the road-sides, and lime trees in the public places of the towns.

Let us see, however, if we cannot, for a brief space, drag our friend the tourist from the well-worn ruts of the common way, and show him, in monotonous France, something which shall break the monotony—which will make him doubt even whether he be in France at all—a region, the very name of which is not familiar to English travellers, and which very, very few, indeed, deviate from the high road to visit. We refer to the Landes. Look into the map, and you will find a region scant of towns, and containing none of note, stretching down alongside the Bay of Biscay, from Baronne to the mouth of the Gironde. At its point and greatest breadth, this region stretches near one hundred miles inward, and then recedes modestly towards the ocean, until the great river of Gascony appears at length to hustle and shoulder it into the sea. The traveller bound for Pau or Bayonne skirts the Landes. He perceives that he is in a dreary district, overgrown with pine and stunted brushwood, with alternate marshes, and wastes of drifting sand. Nothing very inviting here, he thinks; and if he be a farmer, loving fat land and heavy crops, or a searcher after the common forms of the picturesque in the shape of waterfalls, rocks, ravines, and mountains, or an explorer of ancient castles, chateaux, and towns, he is right, and he had better hurry on. But if he be a student of those quaint and strange nooks of the world, where nature seems to have fallen asleep, and let all the creation around get ahead of her; where the people live, and speak, and dress as they did five hundred years ago; where there has been no commerce to introduce novelties—no towns to act as the nuclei of civilization—if he be interested in a district which it has been worth no man's while to improve or enlighten—then let him forsake the high road to Spain, and turn with us for a ramble among the pine woods.

How solemn, and how solitary, how noiseless, and how lifeless! We tread over wreathed ridges of sand, and burst through beds of fern and dry long grass. Sometimes a lazy running water-course may cross the track—expanding here and there into shallow pools, round which the rank herbage grows slimy and dark; the knotted and jointed stems of the yellow marsh plants, rising like serpents from the stagnant water, and great jungles of tangled and clustered bushes, flourishing in mellowest luxuriance. Round the brook or ditch is spread a soft green marsh, which it behoves us to tread with caution, as uncounted feet of slimiest mire lie beneath that velvet covering of turf. Again on dry, parched ground, and among the pine woods, the stems rise round you like the pillars of some great gloomy fane. Above, there is a sombre canopy of darksome branches, and the very air is

loaded with the not unpleasant scent of these turpentine-distilling trees. Not a beech, an ash, an oak, not even a poplar; pines, everywhere pines, one tree like another, as one penny is like another, and equally dark, equally sombre. The ground gently swells, rising and falling, and presently you emerge upon an eminence, where, perhaps, only one or two gigantic fir trees grow. You look around. "A solemn sea of pines." As far as the eye can reach, the same dark clothing of the land—the same vast, lonely, silent forest. Here and there, indeed, it is broken; now comes a bit of heath, brown and sterile; now a bit of morass, green and swampy; now a bit of whitest sand, like a bald patch on a man's head—driven sifted sand, with not a stone, nor the grains adhering together, a fine impalpable, powdery sand, which lies now gleaming in the sun; but which, were a Biscay gale to blow, would be rising in columns, like towering smoke, and covering for scores and scores of miles the darksome woods.

Venture upon none of those bald patches of sand after sunset. "Why not?" you demand. Why, any peasant of the Landes will tell you that these are the Devil's Gardens, and he would also tell you—if he knew anything about the matter—that the top of the Brochen on the night before May-day morning is not a more unhallowed or a more uncanny spot than any of these same bald places in the Landes' *chevelure* of pine. There it is, on moonlit nights, when the sand gleams and sparkles in the light, and shows among the darksome trees like silver upon blackest velvet, that all the witches and warlocks, not only of the Landes—and every old man and old woman, almost, is one in that favored country—but of all broad France hold their revels. There it is that they fling cantrips and spells over their inoffensive neighbors. There it is that they curse the pines, and the turpentine ceases to flow from them—that they curse the boats which go out to fish in the clear, still lagoons which steal inwards behind the sand-hills from the Bay of Biscay—that they curse the wild horse hunt which the mayor of such a commune has proclaimed for the ensuing Sunday. A wild horse hunt! the reader will exclaim—"A wild horse hunt—in Europe!" But wait, and you will speedily acknowledge that there are stranger things still in the Landes. As firmly as our forefathers believed in witches, when Matthew Hopkins ran pins into old women to find out the devil's mark; when the English ladies, true to the maritime progress of the nation, went to Holland to revel on schnapps—in sieves upon the Sea—and the Scotch sisterhood flew to Paris on brooms, to drink the wine in King Louis' cellars—so steadfastly and firmly—railways and electric telegraphs to the contrary, notwithstanding—does the peasant of the Landes believe that his child has been bewitched by some neighboring beldame, and that his plot of maize has been blasted by a ceremony performed in the "Devil's Garden." He broods upon the evil, and too often takes crafty and cruel vengeance. Nothing is more common in the courts of Bordeaux than cases of shooting into cottage windows at night, the proprietor of the hovel being either a reputed witch or warlock, and the aggressor some sulky peasant, who has got indigestion, and become hipped and down in the mouth, and fancies that a spell is on him, and that a bullet may possibly break the charm.

On again, then, through the turpentine atmosphere of the pine wood. But what is this? Who

has been mangling the trees? See, from each a strip of bark is torn, in deep cruel cuts, from a height of nine or ten feet down to the ground; and along this cut, if you will look at it closely, trickles slowly down the medicinal gum of the pine tree, the resin which forms almost the only riches of the country, collecting day by day, and week by week, in a hole scooped out at the foot of the stem, and to be ladled-out therefrom into reservoirs and cisterns established here and there in the forest. And who, then, cuts and tends those trees? Behold one of the laborers of the Landes. Deep in the gloom of the wood, there glides from stem to stem a half-starved looking peasant, gaunt and worn, but lithe as a cat, the very antipodes of the clumsy Jaleads and Jeans who clump about the farm-yards of France. The poor fellow is wretchedly ragged. His blouse is in tatters, and his trowsers hang in torn fringes round his brown naked legs. In his right hand he wields a tomahawk; over his left shoulder he carries a slim pole of notched wood. This last is his ladder. Planting it against the round bole of a pine, he skims up it like a monkey up a pole, his bare feet clinging to the notches, and his whole body so perfectly balanced that there is not the least fear of the frail ladder slipping along the rounded side of the tree. Just as our lamplighter runs from post to post, so does the pine-tender of the Landes from tree to tree; but, where our functionary mounts his ladder once, the resin-gatherer climbs up his perhaps a hundred times; his daily fee for clambering and hacking from sunrise to sundown is about tenpence.

Still, though resin be the staple production of the land, resin gathering is not the principal occupation of the people. See, we emerge again from the pine wood, and come upon a tract of heath and fern. Look yonder, a swarm of small, lean, ashen-colored sheep, scattered like whitish stones over the moor; and the shepherd! Amazement! A giant! Not at all, rather a dwarf. Look sharper. A little stunted man perched upon stilts, with his feet at least five feet from the ground. A pair of stilts is a regular portion of the wardrobe of a Landes peasant. Male and female, both spurn the ground. When the infant begins to use his legs, he is straightway hoisted to the top of a miniature pair of elevations, and takes his first lesson in locomotion a foot from the ground; a good half of his father's life being probably passed in the exalted sphere in which we now behold him. The nature of the country supplies, in a moment, the simple "reason why." Scores and scores of miles of heathy waste, over which the sheep will be scattered, vast sheets of shallow water, and unnumbered water-courses, deserts of hot, loose, and shifting sand, over which nothing but stilts, short of seven-leagued boots, could ever be expected to make way, sufficiently account for the artificial supporters of the peasant of the Landes. Looking closer at him, however, he seems to boast of three legs. The supplemental one is a pole, ornamented with a horizontally crossing crescent at the top, which the shepherd uses as a staff while walking, and as a support while resting, stretching out his stilts on either side and leaning his body back against the crescent of the supporting crutch. Having thus brought himself to an anchor, our friend sets to work with his knitting-needle. The peasants of the Landes seem perfectly absorbed in the mission of making stockings. Motionless and rigidly stretched out, hour after hour, like a man impaled upon three stakes, the knitter plies his



everlasting task, only casting an occasional wary glance after the wanderings of the animals which supply him with his worsted. Should a comrade heave in sight, however, down go the needles and out come the cards—wondrous greasy, torn and dirty cards, the half-worn and all obscured marks on which, only a Landes gambler could make out; but which are, nevertheless, perfectly familiar to the whole male population. Card-playing for money, or its equivalent, is the great vice of the district. The people will play morning, noon, and night, for days and days, weeks and weeks, play for each other's sheep, cottages, furniture, clothes, even for each other's stils. A card-party, commenced by the accidental meeting of three or four men in a pine wood, is carried on when it gets dark, by the blaze of fir torches stuck in the ground between the players; and it is to be noted that cheating is always held to be an essential part of the game. If you are discovered, of course, so much the worse for you; if not, you walk off with your antagonist's stils with all the honor in life.

Many and many a dreary hour you may traverse the Landes without seeing a human roof-tree. Sand, marsh, and black pines everywhere, but life nowhere; not even four-legged life, or life in feathers. In these fir forests either "birds forget to sing," or they have never learned, or there are no birds at all, save in the winter, when the Biscay gales blow, and clouds of sea-fowl seek the shelter of the marshes and the brackish lakes. At length, however, we do discern a cottage—a mere long hut of clay and mud, thatched with firs and rushes—no windows, and the smoke gracefully curling out of the doorway. There are many such mansions in Tipperary, and the isle of Skye, and like these home-made specimens of Celtic architecture, the pigs, and very often the half-starved cows, and a shaggy pony or so, find shelter beneath the general roof. The people are squalidly poor; many of them wear sheepskins undressed, like so many Tartars, and the day's coat is the night's blanket. But they are kind, and though you cannot make out their gibberish, which has hardly any resemblance to French, and the single smatter of which we possess, is a knowledge of the fact that *Tohua Cohoa* means "go gently"—you will speedily find that they are pressing refreshment on you; maize and rye cakes of dreadfully indigestible qualities, and a species of wishy-washy beer, which may simply be described as the worst tasted, and most colic-smacking swipes ever invented. It is a chance if you get milk. The last generation of peasants uniformly contended that Landes cows never gave milk, and if you milked a Landes cow before their faces, they were not a bit shaken in their belief. They said it was well known—every child knew—that a Landes cow had no milk, and as for the basin full which you presented, what on earth had that to do with the question? Another strange prejudice, also now dying out, was against potatoes; they said that potatoes produced fits. A worthy old abbé, an enthusiastic admirer of potatoes, devoted himself to the conversion of the region. Year after year he used to wander about from cottage to cottage, and village to village, preaching potatoes—boiled, baked, stewed, and mashed—and always provided with a supply in his pockets, which he roasted on the pine embers, and gave the children some to eat. Thanks to the abbé, the potato patch now alternates with the scanty maize and rye field.

Bidding good-bye, however, to the smoky hut

and its unkempt, fleece-clad inhabitants, we fly westward, now, it may be, nearing the shores of the Atlantic. The country gets more and more desolate—the pines seem blacker and blacker, the sand whiter and hotter, the marshes softer and ranker than ever. The silence is oppressive—the heat scalds, not even grass-hoppers hop among these parched blades. It is a dismal region. And yet the Landes peasant loves it well. He never leaves it if he can help it. If he does, he gets homesick and pines for his desert like the Swiss for his glaciers. France to him is a foreign country; its tongue and its people strangely alike. With his mind attuned down to the sombre tone of melancholy monotony of his landscape, he can neither understand nor like the careless jollity and light-hearted, frolicsome temperaments which have it all their own way among the corn and the wine and the oil. He is quite content to wear away his days, knitting stockings or cheating at cards, eating hard maize and rye cakes, and stalking on stils through the silent pine woods.

A breeze, a slight but refreshing breeze, comes playing among the firs, and, sniffing the wind, we perceive the salt damp odor of the brine. We are nearing the sea, and we march through the stems of the gradually thinning pines to a wide, open, treeless space, and in a moment we emerge from the wood and leave the aromatic smell of the sweltering resin behind. But *that* is not the sea. It is a vast, green, grassy field, a slightly undulating prairie—a vast sweep of tempting turf. And how intensely green! The greenest sod in Ireland is smirched and brown compared to the land before you. The eye absolutely feasts upon the brightness and freshness of the emerald tint. The Landes you think are not altogether sterile. See, too, there go rude country carts, drawn by oxen, and driven by women over the lawn; and there, just in its centre, lies—mercy on us!—what is this! a ship! nay, two, three, four ships—schooners and stout chassemaries such as you may see by the shores at Nantes and La Rochelle! You rub your eyes, and think you are bewitched by one of the sorcerers of the Landes. Schooners and luggers high and dry upon the meadow ground amid the woods! No meadow ground that, however. The tide is at its extremest ebb, and the green before you is the slime-covered sands of one of the great shallow lagoons common in the seaward part of the Landes, where the ocean has found a passage through the hills of sand which line the shores of the Bay of Biscay. The carts you see are collecting the bright, grassy, green-looking weeds for manure, and the schooners and chassemaries are waiting for their casks of resin and bales of wool. When the tide is up, the aspect of affairs is very different. You seem to be looking at a North American landscape or lakescape; a glittering extent of smoothest, brightest water, skirted everywhere with pine forests, with capes and promontories, always pine-covered, jutting out into the bosom of what seems the lakes, and with light, canoe-like boats, which might be manned by Dog-rib or Coppermine Indians, gliding from point to point. Such was the first of these Landes lagoons I saw, that of Arcachon, from the little village of Feste. And here let me recommend all tourists passing by Bordeaux to give a day at least to Feste. Bordeaux lies four or five miles inside the Landes, hereabouts not more than thirty miles broad; indeed, the finest clarets of the Medor are grown on the tongue of light, hot, stony soil which separates

the aridity of the wilderness from the fat, loamy land bordering the Garonne. Nearly due west then from Bordeaux the lake or basin of Arcachon steals from the Atlantic into the Landes, and expands into a large sheet of still, shallow water. From thence Bordeaux gets her fish, and recently the good citizens have resorted thither for bathing quarters; the consequence having been the establishment of a railway from Feste to the Provincial capital for the benefit of the fish and the bathers. What fatuity ever prompted men to run a rail through the wilderness of the Landes would be a mystery in Capel Court even in the mania year; but the thing has undoubtedly been done. The Bordeaux and Feste is probably the cheapest rail

constructed. There is not an inch of cutting or embankment from end to end; one line of rails runs on a dead level through the woods. The ground was to be had almost for the asking; the wood almost for the taking; and as for the stations, they are mere rough fir booths. Notwithstanding, however, the elements and cheapness, the line is likely to pay at about the same era as the Thames Tunnel and Waterloo Bridge; but in the mean time it will afford a very handy means of getting a glimpse of the Landes, and, if the traveller loves the sea, of the Bay of Biscay. From Feste, boats—both pulling and sailing—are to be had, with fishermen who speak French as well as Patois, and who pursue their calling in the lagoon in the winter time, out at sea in the summer. Admire the canoe-like lightness of the boat which bears you, floating, as she goes, like a leaf on the very top of the water. You can hardly believe your fisherman when he tells you that she will face the Biscay seas like a wild duck. Lean over the gunwale too, and look below at your green prairie land, gleaming and grunting through two fathoms of a sea almost as pellucid as air. You can see the jagged and scalloped edges of the grass-green weeds shimmering as through the hot, hazy mist of a sultry summer's day. Looking up at a burst of female laughter, we pass a boat like our own, entirely manned, or rather womanned, by fishermen's wives and daughters. Buxom wenches, with tanned skins, and black elf locks, and tarry, greasy, brown straw hats with enormous brims. They are going to drag oysters—and plump, and small, and fat, and delicately tasted are the dainty fish—half-crown size, which open and shut their shells in the bright waters of Arcachon. Pulling still seaward, doubling cape after cape, with summer villas smiling through vines and gardens, for there are fertile patches skirting the sea, but with the black pine background; everywhere we catch a glimpse far ahead of a lighthouse rising from white sand hills, and soon afterwards the light begins to feel the influences of a long, solemn rise and fall in the water; not in the least like what are called waves at Margate, or a heavy swell at Herne Bay, but which, with a slow and massive dignity of motion, intimate the grandeur of the ocean-heave without. It is, therefore, quite possible that you will choose to land hereabouts; not, of course, that you are not a good sailor, but that you felt rather bilious, and out of sorts before starting, and—and—in short, you will suggest to the boatman to run his light skiff through the surf which is beginning to prevail, and, this accomplished, he will cheerfully pilot you through the woods.

You have left the Feste Villas long out of sight, and are again among pine and sand, and deuced

hard walking it is. If you wear shoes you have a pair of additional sand-stockings in less than no time; and if you wear boots, much the same result follows after a very little time. The finely-sifted imperceptible grains of gritty powder insinuate themselves everywhere. You feel them climbing your legs, descending your neck, driving you mad about the wrists, grinding against your teeth, forming small objects in your ears, and titillating your nose like snuff. And then you begin at the same time to understand the popularity, in this part of the world, of stilts. However, if you had a pair you would only flounder on your nose; so you toil on as well as may be without them.

When undergoing this ordeal myself, I kept a sharp look-out for the *cheroux sauvages*, to which I have alluded, but not a hoof or a tail was visible. I saw, however, a couple of the creatures in question after they had been caught and tamed—rough, mettlesome ponies with rattling good action, a perpetual trick of tossing the head and neighing, and wild and savage-looking eyes, being as vicious brutes as ever were bitted, but, at the same time, full of spirit, and pluck, and bottom; they make a good cross with the slow-actioned, weak horses of the interior, but you are obliged to ride them with powerful curbs, and always to keep your attention about you. If you go to sleep, in fact, on the back of a Landes horse, the chance is that you awake in a much lowlier position. In their wild state the creatures keep in flocks, and are caught by the lasso. The hunt is a sort of public ceremonial, and only takes place when a requisition is presented to the mayor of a commune, setting forth that fresh horses are required, and that functionary fixes a day on which those who stand in need of chargers sally forth, some on stilts, some on ponies already tamed, and, by the help of the lasso, which they fling as dexterously as a half-breed on the Pampas, haul home perhaps half a dozen victims, sweating, shivering, kicking, biting, half dead from terror, and more than half dead from suffocation.

But hark! A dull, dead, continuous roll of solemn and sonorous sound. It might be the voice of a mighty cataract, or of thunder afar off, or of a city in insurrection and tumult. It is none of these; it is simply the surf of the Bay of Biscay. As you toil on, it becomes louder and more intermittent, rising and falling like an organ in a cathedral, as the big *ninth* waves curl and burst upon the beach, and then as for a time the sea, as having put forth its utmost power, pauses to recover breath and force. The pines get more stunted, the sand more deep. The walking is also roughly laborious; the soil rises like dust around you; it stretches in white, shining slopes before you; it is piled into hills and ridges, almost into mountains, around you, through which you wind and wind, keeping in the valleys, until you would come to lose all notion of the quarters of the compass, did not the momentarily increasing roar warn you of the west. All the pines, meantime, have been left behind. All about you is sand, sand, sand; not a blade of bent, not a twig of fern, no more than in the inside of an hour-glass; you sink to the knees in sand, the eye loses itself among sand hills; you are in the very wilderness of desolation, of dry, arid, scorching, sifted sand.

Stop! see there before you! We have just gaspingly reached the top of a long sand hill; below stretches a wide expanse of gradually sloping beach, then the white of the surf, belt after belt, like lines of frothy milk; then the blue, the

deep, serene, unfathomable blue of the German Ocean. Up and down, along that sloping glacier and hard, yellow beach, so different from the loose soil behind, each long, stretching, curling, and bursting roller sends a mighty flood of shooting, smooth, green water, all laced and variegated with white froth, swallowing up for a moment the long spread of yellow beach, and then receding in a drumly torrent, heavily charged with sand and shingle, and with the noise of a sand-mill. Then on the belts of broken water are heavy breakers: the inward one is only that which is properly called surf; beyond them no motion of the sea is visible; it spreads forth a vast expanse of profound blue, here and there, near the shore, dotted with a tinge of green, where some bank shallows up from the depths, not approaching, however, sufficiently near the surface to cause the rolling swells to break.

A gale upon the coast must be a grand spectacle; and I believe it is almost as fearful on shore as at sea. As the waves rise and roll before the wind, so does the sand; as the waves overwhelm the laboring craft, so does the sand occasionally bury the scattered villages of the peasantry, and the solitary cabins of the coast guard. The wind, I was told, sometimes appears to be setting the very earth in motion. The sand whirls up into columns, as it does when driven by the simoom. Clouds of dense, smoke-like sands sweep high into the air. Ridges and hills melt away, and others rise where hollows were before. For miles and miles the outline of the coast is changing. The solid shore becomes a whirlpool; driving and shifting, and fleeting, like mistland and fog wreaths. Instances are not unrecorded of inland lagoons being filled up, and of the water flooding the pine woods, for miles and miles, forming the briny marshes which afflict the soil. In one of those marshes, I was told that the ruins of a village can be seen glimmering at the bottom of the clear lake which forms the centre of the swamp; and there is a curious but perfectly authenticated story of a lonely church, with a spire and a weathercock, which also served for a sea-mark, near the mouth of the Garonne. After a night of fearful hurricanes from the west, the church and spire had disappeared. Explorers went cautiously forth, and at last the cock of the steeple was found, just above the mountain of sand which had overwhelmed all below it. Were it not for the pines, the whole country to Bordeaux would be a desert of sand. These trees alone are found able to fix the unstable soil; and when I was on the coast, there were parties of laborers employed by government, everywhere planting young slips, and defending, by perfect fortifications of trees, the scattered little coast-guard stations, where the custom-house officers pass, probably, the most solitary and dreary lives which are led by any living creatures, not being toads in holes, or monks in cloisters.

• From Chambers' Journal.

#### CHINESE IN CALIFORNIA.

Nor least extraordinary among the results of the gold-discovery in California is the new social relationship or intermixture of races which, already commenced, will doubtless go on to some interesting developments. We were aware that the immense and crowded population of China had, under the

present dynasty, begun fairly to overflow its bounds, and that already colonies of Celestials had planted themselves in the Indian Archipelago. We were not prepared, however, to hear of new tribes of emigrants from the same country floating across the North Pacific; and yet such is the fact, as appears by an account just received from a writer in San Francisco. "The Chinese," he says, "are destined to exercise an important influence in this country. For the last six months they have supplied a larger number of immigrants than any other nation—not excepting the Atlantic section of the Union. Scarcely a week elapses without the arrival of one hundred and fifty or two hundred Celestials. Very few of them forsake the country; they appear to shape their course for permanent residence. The greater number equip themselves for mining, and set off in quest of gold; but many have settled down in trade or business in this city. The various grades of society are well represented; many of them are laborers and rusties, while some appear to be educated and polished. They all hail from Canton; it would not be creditable to come from any other place.

"It is a curious fact that, although there are from 10,000 to 20,000 of these people in California, very few of them are females. The women do not come; I know of but two or three Chinese women in this city. One of them is the noted Miss Atoy—a distinguished character, who has no pretensions to beauty, though she is not homely. She lives in a very public place, and shows herself at the door—always in regular national costume—with Chinese pantaloons of pure white or highly-wrought satin.

"You cannot look into the streets but you see troops of Chinese—here a dozen marching in single file, irregularly, and making a tour of observation, noting with curiosity everything around them. Yonder is another troop, twenty or thirty more, laden with tin pans, boots, and various preparations for the mines. Still larger bodies may be seen with sacks of sugar and rice on their backs, carrying them to their storehouses after the manner of ants; or, if the load be too heavy for one, two of them tug it on a pole. There is a chap with a huge basket of clothing, at the heels of an odd-looking genius who wears odd-looking spectacles, and who reads his book as he goes to find the proper stopping-places. Occasionally you behold fifty or a hundred in one gang, just arrived, and staring with amazement at everything, getting along about as fast as children going to school on a parade-day.

"The Chinese are slow in assuming the American costume. Their clumsy shoes first come off, and are replaced by boots, often much too large. They are fond of big boots, and will seldom submit to a good fit if they can get a pair of greater capacity for the same money. Their feet are generally small. A friend of mine had a stock of small boots that he did not know what to do with; a Chinaman, attracted by their cheapness, bought a pair, and soon returned with swarms of his countrymen, who exhausted the supply before night.

"After sticking their nether extremities into leathern boots, the revolution attacks the head. The black woollen skull-cap, or the big cane umbrella-hat, heavy as Charlemagne's crown, gives place to the California slouch. Further than this the Chinaman seldom advances; about one in fifty takes the next step, which is to don the entire American costume; but the mass continued to exhibit their wiry, elliptic shanks enveloped in tight

flannel or nankeen, or each one sticking through a petticoat which ventures scarcely below the knee.

"When employed as cooks and servants the Chinese find it convenient to assume an American name; but under other circumstances they make no change. A cook who had some outlandish Chinese name made choice of Thomas Tuck as his English synonyme. A card lately published in our papers, recommending a certain ship in which the authors had arrived, was signed *San Man, Chung Yee, Pew Chung, Lee Chin, and Long Fun*. Their signs are becoming quite numerous on our streets. We have Laundry Establishment, by *Pow Cheong*; *Ton Woo*, Chinese goods; *Ying Ho*, Canton Wash-house; *Wang Shing*, Chinese Silk-Store; *On chong*, Washing and Ironing.

"One of their grand dépôts is at the head of Clay Street, where they have erected a very handsome storehouse. The sign is painted in their own tongue, though the characters are placed horizontally, and not in perpendicular columns, as is their custom. The house is crammed, like their other quartering-places, with hundreds of trunks and bundles, and with various kinds of merchandise. The merchants mostly remain in their stores, waiting for the visits of customers. Some small traders hawk their wares from door to door. They are equal to Yankees in driving a bargain, and their economy is undoubted. It is said that they can out-trick the Yankees in trade, in proof of which specimens of tea made of dead wood are exhibited. It is even said that they can transform linen shirts into excellent calico ones in the process of washing and ironing. When a customer calls they exhibit wonderful expertness in comprehending his wants and arranging a bargain; but the tax-collector avers that he cannot by any possible means make them understand the object of his visit.

"They are very temperate, and a Chinaman is scarcely ever known to be drunk or noisy in the streets. In their houses they make merry with music and dancing. They are fond of smoking cigaritos, and are growing in civilization fast enough to smoke in the streets.

"On a Sabbath morning lately I entered their establishment in Clay Street, and found some twenty of them sitting on the boxes, quietly occupied in sewing bags of buckskin for gold-dust. They were evidently unskilled in the art. One of the party wore a thimble, and others had a rag tied on the finger instead. I was showing one of them how to do his work better, when another stepped up to show me his work, which was neatly done. He was highly gratified with my approbation.

"Their ironing is done with a smooth-bottomed skillet filled with live coals, which is moved over the fabric by means of the handle, in the same way that a warming-pan is used. One of them found a vest that he was ironing to be too dry; whereupon, filling his mouth with water, he sputtered it over the garment with wonderful dexterity. Each ironing-table is supplied with a bowl of water for this purpose."

The writer then hazards a conjecture, that after the men have established a home they will send for their wives; but this betrays an ignorance of the Chinese law, which prohibits women from being taken out of the country—a prohibition not the less stringently enforced, that the superabundance of the sex leads to the practice of infanticide. When we consider, however, the heterogeneous population of the auriferous state—French, Irish, Scotch, English, Americans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Sand-

wich Islanders, Indians, and many others—we assent to his observation, that "events of great moment in the history of the world are destined to grow out of the rapid colonization of the Pacific shore, and the opening of new channels of commerce and social intercourse. The past half of the present century is full of the miracles of science and art; the current half will not be wanting. Who can imagine what the year 1901 will bring forth? China, Japan, India, the islands of the sea, will not be as they now are. A turning and an overturning are at hand. The Chinese emigration to California is one link in the chain."

From the United Service Magazine.

#### LITERATURE OF THE ICE.

##### A SOUVENIR OF THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

THIS is an age of wonders! We have been astonished at a newspaper making its appearance in California!—a real San Francisco newspaper; yet San Francisco, but two years ago a miserable village, is now a populous city. But who would dream of a newspaper in the Arctic regions? with a regular staff—not of critics and reporters—but of seamen and marines. Such is the "curiosity of literature" which has just emanated from the fruitful press of Colburn and Co., under the title of "Arctic Miscellanies; a Souvenir of the late Polar Search, by the officers and seamen of the expedition." Beautifully got up, and profusely illustrated, this most pleasant book really charms as much by its appearance and its matter, as by its novelty. Think of a newspaper from the ice-bound solitudes of the Frozen Ocean, and of the wonders it must reveal! Here we are told, among other things, of a theatre adorned with statues of the queen and Prince Albert, carved in snow! and we can scarcely say what besides. But we will let our journalists tell their own story, as they do very ably, in a prefatory introduction to the work:—

On the 4th of May, 1850, an expedition, under the command of Captain Austin, C.B., sailed from the Thames, in search of Sir John Franklin and his missing companions. The ships composing this expedition were the "Resolute," commanded by Captain Austin, and the "Assistance," by Captain Ommanney, together with two steamers, the "Pioneer" and "Intrepid," under the commands of Lieutenants Osburn and Cator. On the 24th of September, the little squadron was locked in the ice between the islands of Cornwallis and Griffiths, in which position it remained till the 11th of August, 1851; and on the 7th of October, the ships arrived off Woolwich, after an absence from England of about eighteen months, having passed more than two thirds of that time in the Arctic Ocean. The following work is not a narrative of the expedition, nor is it a journal, in the usual acceptance of the term. It is simply a collection of articles, on different subjects, extracted from a newspaper, which was edited by one of the officers of the "Assistance." These articles were contributed by the commanders, officers, and men of the expedition. Some of the papers are from the pen of the venerable Admiral Sir John Ross and others, and not the least interesting are from rough and weather-beaten tars before the mast. This little newspaper was called the "Aurora Borealis," and was published on the 15th of every month. It was in manuscript, each number being arranged, and the different articles copied into it, in a legible hand, by the editor himself.

It is not for us, who only assist in bringing the



work before the public, to speak of its literary merits, or of the interest which it ought to excite; but we shall be pardoned in calling the attention of the reader to the fact, that the subjoined pages are a faithful record of the thoughts and sentiments of a body of our countrymen, whilst exposed to extraordinary hardships and danger. They will also serve to show that an intellectual revolution has, to a great extent, taken place amongst our seamen, of which the general public appear to have no conception. The popular opinion seems to be, that the literary attainments of British sailors seldom exceed the acquisition of some boisterous song, and that only the very erudite amongst them can succeed in scrawling a letter to their friends at home.

In the "*Aurora Borealis*," however, we find articles, written by veteran tars, whose home since boyhood has been upon the sea, that would not disgrace the pages of some of our magazines. These men, with frames of iron, with a courage and a stern endurance that nothing can subdue, show themselves possessed of a delicacy of imagination and a power of perception that one has great difficulty in reconciling with the honest roughness of their appearance. Some years ago, an officer, high in command, gave it as his opinion, that men entirely uneducated made the best soldiers and sailors. Here, however, we find that the men from before the mast, who contributed to the "*Aurora Borealis*," are amongst the most exemplary in her majesty's service.

During the long Arctic night of more than three months, the resources of the expedition were successfully used in procuring both employment and amusement for the officers and men. The time for every duty was set apart, as though day and night continued to be of the same duration as in our own climate. The Admiralty had furnished the squadron with good libraries, to which the officers added their own collection of books. Reading-rooms were established on the lower deck of each ship, as were also schools on the Lancasterian system. Here the ships' companies assembled; and whilst some read, others formed themselves into classes, under the direction of teachers. The officers took an active part in these exercises, sometimes as teachers, sometimes as learners. Navigation, steam, seamanship, arithmetic, and even modern languages and music, were the chief objects of study. In most of these branches of education the seamen showed themselves apt and docile learners.

A theatre was also tastefully fitted up on board the "*Assistance*," and a corps of actors formed, under the management of Captain Ommanney. And on board the "*Resolute*" and "*Intrepid*" saloons were opened for masquerade balls, several of which took place with great success during the long Arctic night. A printing press was given the expedition by the Admiralty for printing balloon papers. There were no printers in the squadron, but some of the officers soon learned the art; and beside balloon-papers, play-bills, and announcements of fancy dress balls, were regularly sent to press. Several of the men, too, became adepts in the art of printing, and set up in type songs and other trifles, chiefly of their own composition. So great a passion, indeed, did printing become amongst them, that when, at length, their stock of paper was run out, they printed on chamois-leather, on shirts, and in one instance on a blanket.

The scenery of the theatre, and the decorations of the saloons, were painted by the officers. The materials for painting were rude and insufficient, yet some of the scenery was admirably executed. This will be easily understood, when we state that the principal artist was Lieutenant Browne, whose Panorama of the Arctic Regions has given him a distinguished place amongst scenic painters. One of the officers also carved in snow, with great taste and correctness, two life-sized figures, one of His Royal Highness the

Prince of Wales, the other of the Princess Royal. These statues were placed in niches at either side of the drop-curtain.

For four hours out of each of the twenty-four, the officers and men exercised under the lee of the different ships; and before the night period came on, skating, football, shooting, and other amusements took place upon the floe. Finger-posts were set up for the guidance of those who went any distance on the ice, and houses formed of snow were erected in different places. Some of these latter were intended for observatories, but the floe was found to be too unsteady for such purposes.

In the month of February, when day again returned, an order was issued to discontinue shaving. The beard, it was thought, would be some protection from the rays of the sun, so fiercely reflected from the ice and snow; and the officers and men, as a further precaution, rubbed their faces with grease before going into the open air.

Night had lasted for more than three months, and not the least remarkable of the effects produced by the absence of the sun was, that every one in the squadron became very pale. After a month or two of sunlight, however, they were all successfully re-bronzed.

On the return of day, the travelling parties were organized. Men and officers wore dresses suited to the rigors of the climate. Each had on great boots, large enough to allow the feet to be comfortably wrapped in flannel; and the generality had a suit of chamois-leather under their dress, and heavy coats warmly lined. Each party took with them, besides arms and ammunition, cooking utensils, tents, and provisions. Sails were set in the sledges, to which large kites were also attached. When the wind was high, the sails and kites propelled the sledges very rapidly, and the whole of the party then rode; but when the wind fell, the sledges were dragged along by the men.

After eight or ten hours' march, the party halted; the tents were pitched, and attempts were made to light fires, which attempts very often proved successful. On such occasions the dinner was carefully thawed. A Macintosh floorcloth was laid down; and after the uneasy meal had been devoured, each retired into a long flannel bag, which he cautiously tied with a running string above his head; and then, dropping on the Indian-rubber carpet, slept as best he could. Dining within the Arctic Circle, when such a thing as a dinner is to be had, is a much more serious matter than when one undergoes that pleasing ceremony at the Travellers or the United Service Club; and yet we have known men to dine at both the latter places under very adverse circumstances. In Arctic banquets, the cheerful glass is often frozen to the lip, or the too ardent reveller splinters a tooth in attempting to gnaw through a lump of soup. When Boileau said,

Qu'un diner réchauffé ne valut jamais rien,

he wrote for that charming little world, whose Arctic Circle at present is the *Moulin Rouge*, and its Tropic of Cancer *Vachette's*; with whom ice is one of the sweets of existence, and whose idea of a floe is gathered from the silver vase that soothes the petulance of their champagne. Boileau, it is evident, had never eaten ship's rum, or chewed brandy and water.

The exploring party under Lieut., now Commander, McClintock, was one of the last to return. They did not reach the ship till the month of July. The thaw had already commenced; and, for more than two hundred miles on the way back, he and his men had to endure sufferings, and to struggle with obstacles, of which it is difficult for any but an Arctic traveller to form an idea. They dragged their cumbersome sledges over the now yielding hummocks, and through slushy pools; and when the hours for sleep came, the Macintosh floor-cloth and the blanket bags were but poor

protection against the wet of the dissolving floe. Yet not a single complaint was heard amongst the party ; and the men, during these trials, never lost their good-humor, nor did their courage desert them for an instant.

During their four months' absence, they had been round Byam Martin Island, had tracked the desolate shores of Liddon's Gulf, and penetrated through a wilderness of ice as far as the 114th degree of west longitude, having gone over, in all, at least eight hundred miles !

We cannot take leave of this Arctic souvenir, without expressing our admiration of it, in every point of view ; and we hope it will obtain from the Lords of the Admiralty, to whom it is dedicated, some more substantial mark of patronage than this dedication confers. Such productions should be encouraged by those in authority, as serving to elevate the *morale* of our seamen, too long neglected ; and a copy of this work ought to be found on board every ship in commission. We have no doubt that it will be warmly taken up by the East India Company, who have lately evinced a lively interest in our professional literature.

From the National Era.

#### DEAD LETTERS.

BY JANE REVENAUGH.

Within a few weeks four hundred thousand dead letters have been received at Washington, from California.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Four hundred thousand tokens,  
Sent to the loved in vain,  
Come back, with seals unbroken,  
O'er land and wave again.

From many a happy household,  
Far up and down the land,  
They sought, with prayers and blessings,  
The lost ones of the land—

To bring back holy memories  
Amid the toil and strife,  
The avarice and the treachery,  
That make a war of life.

O ! human love, how faithfully  
Thy words are written here,  
Folding with yearning tenderness  
The absent—yet how dear !

A mother's message to her son,  
Child of her hopes and fears ;  
How many prayers went forth with him—  
Alas ! how many tears !

He might have stayed her faltering steps  
Down to death's hither shore ;  
He died upon the billowy sea—  
His mother went before.

Her dying words, sent forth to him  
Just from the verge of heaven,  
That might have lured him thitherward,  
To stranger eyes are given.

A strong man, worn and sunburnt  
From the gold mines to the shore  
Went fifty leagues, with hopeful step,  
To hear from home once more.

"No letter here"—how bitterly  
The words fell on his ear !  
Then for a moment o'er him came  
An agonizing fear.

His wife—whose very memory  
Had made his eyes grow dim

With tears of manly tenderness—  
Had she forgotten him ?

With heavy heart and doubtful step  
The miner turned away ;  
He never knew how sweet the words  
That came for him next day ;

Words written from a faithful heart—  
Written, alas ! in vain ;  
From the far hills, the toil-worn man  
Had never come again.

Such are the proofs of yearning love,  
The words of kindly cheer—  
Dear tokens of remembrance—  
Fond friends have written here.

How many eyes had brightened  
With the light of hope once more ;  
How many hearts been lightened  
On that gold-sanded shore—

That weary grew with waiting,  
And faltered by the way—  
Ye might have cheered, ye might have saved ;  
Why are ye here to-day ?

Why kept ye not your mission  
From loving hearts and true  
To absent ones, still unforget,  
Who watched and wept for you ?

Some perished in the wilderness ;  
Some, on the trackless sand ;  
And some in fated ships went out,  
That never came to land.

And many gained the goodly shore,  
Land of their wildest dreams,  
And reaped rich harvest on her hills,  
And by her golden streams.

But Death lurked in the dark ravines,  
And by the river side,  
And waited where the tide-washed sands  
Uncounted treasures hide—

And gathered in his harvest there ;  
Sickness and want and cold  
Crushed out the life of hardy men—  
They died amid their gold.

The land they sought gave them alone  
A burial in her earth :  
To such, a thousand mines of gems  
Had been of little worth.

Better than all had been to them  
The pearl without a price,  
To cheer in life, to ope in death  
The gate of Paradise.

TO ENGLAND.

BY GEORGE S. BOKER.

LEAR and Cordelia, 't was an ancient tale  
Before thy Shakspeare gave it deathless fame ;  
The times have changed, the moral is the same.  
So like an outcast, dowerless and pale,  
Thy daughter went ; and in a foreign gale  
Spread her young banner till its sway became  
A wonder to the nations. Days of shame  
Are close upon thee ; prophets raise their wail,  
When the rude Cossack, with an outstretched hand,  
Points his long spear across the narrow sea—  
"Lo ! there is England !" when thy destiny  
Storms on thy straw-crowned head, and thou dost  
stand

Weak, helpless, mad, a by-word in the land,  
God grant thy daughter a Cordelia be !

MOONLIGHT IN THE TROPICS.—There is something exceedingly romantic in the nights of the tropics. It is pleasant to sit on the landing-place at the top of the flight of steps in front of Bluefields House, after night has spread her "purple wings" over the sky, or even to lie at full length on the smooth stones; it is a hard bed, but not a cold one, for the thick flags, exposed to the burning sun during the day, become thoroughly heated, and retain a considerable degree of warmth till morning nearly comes again. The warmth of the flat stones is particularly pleasant, as the cool night-breezes play over the face. The scene is favorable for meditation; the moon, "walking in brightness," gradually climbing up to the very centre of the deep-blue sky, sheds on the grassy sward, the beasts lying down here and there, the fruit-trees, the surrounding forest, and the glistening sea spread out in front, a soft but brilliant radiance unknown to the duller regions of the north. The babbling of the little rivulet, wining its seaward way over the rocks and pebbles, comes like distant music upon the ear, of which the bass is supplied by the roll of the surf falling on the sea-beach at measured intervals—a low, hollow roar, protracted until it dies away along the sinuous shore, the memorial of a fierce but transitory

sea-breeze. But there are sweeter sounds than these. The mocking-bird takes his seat on the highest twig of the orange-tree at my feet, and pours forth his rich and solemn gushes of melody, with such an earnestness as if his soul were in his song. A rival from a neighboring tree commences a similar strain, and now the two birds exert all their powers, each striving his utmost to outstrip the other, until the silence of the lonely night rings with bursts and swells, and tender cadences of melodious song. Here and there, over the pasture, the intermittent green spark of the fire-fly flits along, and at the edges of the bounding woods scores of twinkling lights are seen, appearing and disappearing in the most puzzling manner. Three or four bats are silently winging along through the air; now passing over the face of the vertical moon like tiny black specks, now darting through the narrow arch beneath the steps, and now fitting so close overhead that one is tempted to essay their capture with an insect net. The light of the moon, however, though clearly revealing their course, is not powerful or precise enough for this, and the little nimble leather wings pursue their giddy play in security.—*Gosse's Naturalist's Sojourn.*

## LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A NATURALIST.

## PART XII.

Few of those who stand near some quarry in our inland counties, surrounded by all the beauties of British scenery, hill, and valley, down and field, luxuriant with woods, carpeted with herbage, or waving with corn, bestow a thought on the character of the rock beneath. It occurs not to many, that where the grass now grows and the cattle low the waves once flowed; and that the ripple-mark may still be seen on what was once the ribbed sea sand.

To those who are unacquainted with geology, it is startling to be told that the solid slab of stone so marked, when last exposed thousands of years ago, was part of the sandy shore over which the animated beings, now blotted from the book of life, wended their way, leaving, in many cases, the traces of their steps, just before some great convulsion of our planet changed the whole appearance of the surface, but spared these unmistakable records to tell the tale.

No one with any powers of generalization can long study the system of animated nature without being satisfied that he must search among the wrecks of bygone ages for those forms which are required to make it complete, and that in the fossil fauna he will find the lost links of the broken chain.

Among the ichnolites, or fossil foot-prints, which have attracted so much attention of late years, those announced by Dr. Ogier Ward, as proving the existence of a small four-footed animal at the period of the deposition of the new red sandstone near Shrewsbury, were brought under the notice of the British Association at Birmingham. They most nearly resembled those figured in the paper on the new red sandstone of Warwickshire, by Sir Roderick Murchison and Mr. Strickland,\* but differed in exhibiting more distinct indications of the terminal claws, and less distinctive impressions of the connecting web; the innermost toe was less, and there was an impression always at a distance from the fore-toes, like a

hind-toe pointing backwards, the point of which only seemed to have touched the ground, reminding the observer of such an impression as might have been made by a wading bird, and of the ornithichnites discovered by Dr. Hitchcock in the Connecticut new red sandstone, which have been referred to the grallatorial tribe of birds.

The American fossil footprints were found at five places near the banks of the river, within a distance of thirty miles, at various depths beneath the surrounding surface, in quarries of laminated flagstones. The inclination of the stone is from 5° to 30°; and there is evidence to warrant the conclusion, that the tracks were impressed before the strata were so inclined. Many of these tracks, clearly showing that they belonged to different individuals and species, cross each other; and the footmarks are not unfrequently crowded together, reminding one of the impressions left by the feet of ducks, geese, and other birds, on the muddy shore of the stream or pond frequented by them. These footprints are referred by Professor Hitchcock to seven species at least, if not genera, of very long-legged wading birds, varying in size from that of a snipe to dimensions twice as great as those of an ostrich. The steps are seen in regular succession on a continuous track, as of an animal walking or running, the right and left foot always occupying their proper places. At Mount Thorn, near Northampton, were discovered four nearly parallel tracks of a gigantic animal whose foot was fifteen inches long, exclusive of the largest claw, which was two inches in length. The toes were broad and thick, and in one track appeared a regular succession of six of these steps, four feet distant from each other. The distance in other tracks varied from four to six feet. Another footmark extended to the length of from fifteen to sixteen inches, without reckoning a remarkable appendage extending backwards eight or nine inches from the heel. The impressions of this appendage present traces similar to what may be

\* *Geol. Trans. Second Series, vol. v., pl. xxviii.*

made by wiry feathers or coarse bristles; these last appear to have sunk into the ground nearly an inch. The toes had penetrated much deeper, and the mud or sand appeared to have been raised into a ridge rising several inches around their impressions, reminding the observer of the elevation round the track of an elephant over moist clay. Intervals of six feet were noted as the length of the stride of the impressor of this ornithichnite. The bones of fishes only (*Paleothrissum*) had been discovered in this impressed rock.

If Professor Hitchcock be right in his conclusion that these enormous foot-prints are the vestiges of feathered giants, there can be no doubt that they justify the remark that they are of the highest interest to the paleontologist, as they establish the new fact of the existence of birds at the early epoch of the new red sandstone formation; and further show that some of the most ancient forms of that class attained a size far exceeding that of the largest among the feathered inhabitants of the present world.

The discovery of the bones of the gigantic *Dinornis*, (Owen,) have proved beyond all question the last conclusion; but the student will do well, before he accepts the former, to investigate thoroughly Professor Owen's papers on *Labyrinthodon*,\* remembering that the toes of Dr. Hitchcock's giant were broad and thick. The footmarks of that gigantic batrachian (*Salamandroides*, Jäger—*Mastodonsaurus* and *Phytosaurus*, of the same—*Chirotherium*, Kaup) were impressed on a shore; and in some of the specimens of that petrified strand were the impressions of drops of rain that had fallen upon the strata while in the process of formation. On the surface of one at Storeton, where the impressions of the footmarks were large, the depths of the holes made by the rain-drops on different parts of the same footstep, varied with the unequal pressure on the clay and sand, according to the salient cushions and retiring hollows of the animal's foot. The constancy of these appearances upon an entire series of foot-prints, in a long and continued track, showed that the rain had fallen after the creature had passed.

The equable size of the casts of large drops that cover the entire surface of the slab, (says Dr. Buckland, in his address to the Geological Society of London on this phenomenon,) except in the parts impressed by the cushions of the feet, record the falling of a shower of heavy drops on the day in which this huge animal had marched along the ancient strand; hemispherical impressions of small drops upon another stratum show it to have been exposed to only a sprinkling of gentle rain that fell at a moment of calm. In one small slab of new red sandstone, found by Dr. Ward near Shrewsbury, [where the remains which will presently be alluded to were found,] we have a combination of proofs as to meteoric, hydrostatic, and locomotive phenomena, which occurred at a time incalculably remote, in the atmosphere, the water, and the quarter towards which the animals were passing; the latter is indicated by the direction of the footsteps which

form their tracks; the size and curvatures of the ripple-marks on the sand, now converted to sandstone, show the depth and direction of the current; the oblique impressions of the rain-drops register the point from which the wind was blowing at or about the time when the animals were passing.

But how was this record so firmly imprinted on the stone? The answer is ready from the same eloquent and accurate oracle:—

The clay impressed with these prints of rain-drops acted as a mould, which transferred the form of every drop to the lower surface of the next bed of sand deposited upon it, so that entire surfaces of several strata in the same quarry are respectively covered with moulds and casts of drops of rain that fell whilst the strata were in process of formation.\*

No, you are not about to be dragged into a treatise on ichnology, friendly reader; though, believe me, you will find the subject, pregnant as it is with evidences of uncouth extinct forms that have passed away from life forever, wending their way over the shores of a half-formed world, amid wind and rain, storm and sunshine, as marvellous, ay, and as entertaining too, as a fairy tale. You are only to be led to the contemplation of the ichnolites from the Shrewsbury sandstone, as a fit introduction to the crocodiles, which will next claim your attention.

Professor Hitchcock, as we have seen, undoubtedly claims his ichnolites as due to the presence of birds on the spot where they were impressed; but, as Professor Owen well observes, any evidence of a warm-blooded and quick-breathing class of animals at so remote a period as the new red sandstone epoch, requires to be very closely sifted; and, accordingly, the chance of obtaining any analogical facts, bearing upon Professor Hitchcock's ornithichnites, induced our professor to spare no exertions to obtain further insight into the problematical creature of the Grinsill quarries.

Dr. Ward kept a sharp eye upon the quarrying operations; and soon, in addition to the footsteps, fossils were, from time to time, found, secured, and liberally sent up to the professor, who was thus enabled to form a clear opinion of the animal that had impressed the sands with its feet. The result was, the professor's *Description of an Extinct Lacertian Reptile, Rhynchosaurus articeps*, (Owen,) of which the bones and foot-prints characterize the Upper New Red Sandstone at Grinsill near Shrewsbury, published in the seventh volume of *The Transactions of the Cambridge Philosophical Society*. For the highly interesting details of this masterly paper we must refer the reader to the memoir itself, which will well repay an attentive perusal; suffice it to say, that this rhynchosaur turned out to be neither crocodilian, batrachian, nor chelonian, though, in a degree, allied to each of those tribes, and that the fortunate preservation

\*Address delivered to the Geological Society of London on the 21st February, 1840, by the Rev. W. Buckland, D. D., President.



of the skull brought to light modifications of the lacertine structure leading towards the tortoises and birds, which were before unknown.

Before we sketch the natural history of the crocodiles, it may not be unamusing to pass rapidly in review some of the legends with which the ancients connected a form selected by the Egyptians as the symbol of a cruel and revengeful being. The horrible shape and detestable disposition of the crocodile made it an apt representative of the murderer of Osiris;\* and when it was regarded as the personification of Typhon, it must be confessed that it looked the character of that evil one well, as any one will allow who looks on the devilish woodcut that surmounts the old French quattrain:—

Le Nil produit des monstres perilleux,  
Lors que d'Egypte arrouse le pais.  
Mais centre ceux, dont sommes esbahiz,  
Le crocodile est le plus merveilleux.

The sculptor has done his best to make the monster look decent as he appears on the robe of the Nile in the celebrated statue; but one of the surrounding sixteen typical children finds himself rather inconveniently near the open mouth of the destroyer, and is represented as starting back accordingly; while another lends him a hand to help him out of the dangerous neighborhood. Poor old Nilus! he must have had warm work to keep his crocodiles in anything like order when the terror-stricken son of Clymene was hurried by his father's runaway horses he knew not where, and the quiet, steady Moon beheld with amazement her brother's chariot dashing along beneath her own. The crocodilian commotion under that smoking state of things must have been the cause of his extremity of horror, for the Tanais, the Caicus, the Lycormas, the Xanthus, the Mæander, the Euphrates, the Ganges, the Danube, the Ismenus, the Phasis, the Tagus, the Caister, whose swans then sung their last and died; the Rhine, the Rhone, the Tiber—all suffered equally, and stood their ground; but,

Nilus in extremum fugit perterritus orbem  
Occulitque caput, quod adhuc lateat.

Father Thames was happily out of the way, or not sufficiently known to the polite world on that occasion. His turn, however, is at hand. A foreign prince and priest, shot from his proper sphere, is coming down upon him; but we will venture to prophesy that he will not run away like the affrighted Nile, but continue to go between his banks and look the Archbishop of Westminster boldly in the face.

As the serpents had their *Psyli*, so the crocodiles had their *Tentyritæ*:—

Moreover, there is a kind of people that carry a deadly hatred to the crocodile, and they are called Tentyrites, of a certain isle even within Nilus,

\* Osiris, the popular divinity, the ruler of the Nile, the benign dispenser of plenty, had, for his antagonist and destroyer, Typhon, the scorching desert wind, that dried up the fructifying waters, bearing famine and death on its wings, when it unseasonably prevailed.

which they inhabit. The men are but small of stature, but in this quarrell against the crocodiles they have hearts of lions, and it is wondrous to see how resolute and courageous they are in this behalf. Indeed this crocodile is a terrible beast to them that flee from him; but, contrary, let men pursue him or make head againe, he runnes away most cowardly. Now, these islanders be the only men that dare encounter him in front. Over and besides, they will take the river, and swim after them; nay, they will mount upon their backs, and set them like horsemen; and as they turn their heads, with their mouths wide open to bite or devour them, they will thrust a club or great cudgell into it crosse overthwart, and so holding hard with both hands each end thereof, the one with the right, and the other with the left, and ruling them perforce (as it were) with a bit and bridle, bring them to land, like prisoners; when they have them there, they will so fright them only with their words and speech, that they compel them to cast up and vomit those bodies againe to be entered, which they had swallowed but newly before. And therefore it is, that this is the only isle which the crocodiles will not swim to; for the very smell and sent of these Tentyrites is able to drive them away, like as the Pselli, with their savor, put serpents to flight. By report this beast seeth but badly in the water; but be they once without, they are most quick-sighted. All the four winter months they live in a cave and eat nothing at all. Some are of opinion that this creature alone groweth all his life; and surely a great time he liveth.\*

To say nothing of more ordinary methods of capture, if a crocodile was only touched with the feather of an ibis it instantly became motionless; and there was another mode, if old chroniclers are to be believed, not unworthy of note. It was thought a bitter and bright, as well as a novel idea, when some ill-conditioned scapegrace sent a looking-glass to an importunate Gorgon, who was qualified for admission into the Ugly Club—if any woman ever was, which we, with all gallantry and humility, doubt—in the hope that the first look at herself would be fatal. But here again we have the old adage, *Pereant qui ante nos*, &c. "There is nothing new," &c., forced upon us. The sure way to settle a crocodile, according to ancient practice, was to confront him with a mirror, when he incontinently died of fright at his own deformity.

"Crocodile tears" have become a proverb somewhat musty; and yet everybody may not know that there was another version besides the vulgar one, of working upon the kind-hearted traveller by apparent distress, getting him within reach, and then destroying him. It was held for certain that when a crocodile had got hold of a man and killed him, it consumed its prey comfortably enough till it came to the head, which would have proved too hard a nut for our crocodile to crack, without pouring forth a copious shower of tears as a solvent, which softened the skull, and put the ravenous reptile in easy possession of its tit-bit—the brain.

One of their horrible functions, among the In-

\* Pliny.

dians, was to act as the finishers of the law in capital cases, as elephants were employed by Asiatic autocrats not very many years since,\* but in a different manner, as may be well supposed. The crocodile-executioners were kept without food when judgment of death was anticipated; and the condemned wretch was dragged to the tank, where the hungry monsters glared at him with their green cannibal eyes, as the assistants deliberately bound him hand and foot, and then tossed him alive to the chasms of their gaping, serrated, clanking jaws. They were also retained as guards in Pegu; the ditches of the fortifications being filled with them.

The *Questiones crocodilinae*, those *plice et serra dialecticorum*, as they have been called, took their rise from certain stories in which the crocodile figures. For instance, a woman was taking a walk with her little son on the banks of the Nile; a lurking crocodile carried him off, saying, he should be restored if his mother responded truly.

"Do I mean to give him up?" asked the crocodile.

"No, you don't," answered the mother; "and, therefore, according to your rule, you ought."

Whether the mother ever got her son back must be left to the judgment of those who have been made to feel how many points of the law are centred in possession, especially where crocodiles are concerned.

The same story is the foundation of the crocodile question put in Lucian's dialogue:—

"Have you a son?"

"What then?"

"If he was wandering near a river, and a crocodile should find him and carry him off, but should promise to restore him upon your giving a true answer to the question, whether it was intended to

\* Mr. Sirr, in his entertaining book, *Ceylon and the Cingalese*, (8vo. London, 1850, Shoberl,) mentions a striking instance of the docility of one of these elephants.

During the reign of the last blood-stained king of Kandy, the terrible custom which had long prevailed of execution by elephants, who were trained to prolong the suffering of the doomed criminal by crushing the limbs before the *coup de grace* was given, prevailed.

One of the elephant-executioners was at that place during Mr. Sirr's sojourn there, and he was desirous of testing the sagacity and memory of the brute. It was of huge size, and mottled, and stood quietly with the keeper seated on its neck. The noble, who accompanied Mr. Sirr and his party, desired the man to dismount and stand on one side.

The chief gave the word of command—"Slay the wretch!"

The elephant raised his trunk, and twined it as if grasping a human being, and then made motions as if he were depositing the patient on the earth before him, then slowly raised his forefoot, and placed it alternately upon the spots where the limbs of the sufferer would have been. This he continued to do for some minutes; and then, as if satisfied that the bones must be crushed, raised his trunk high above his head, and stood motionless.

The chief said—"Complete your work."

The elephant immediately placed one foot on the place where the victim's abdomen would have been, and the other upon the spot where the head must have rested, appearing to exert his whole strength to crush the victim, and trample out the remains of life.

The tyrant was dethroned in 1815; and since that time the animal had never been called upon to execute his horrible office.

do so or no, what would you say were the crocodile's intentions?"

"You ask me a perplexing question, truly."

But almost everything has its bright side, and so has a crocodile. Did not one save good King Minas when he tumbled into the water? And were they not reckoned admirable safeguards for preventing robbers from crossing the river? In short, they made a very respectable figure among the mob of animal and vegetable Egyptian deities, and were treated accordingly, as we shall presently see. Silence is not only the gift, but the attribute of the gods; and, as the ancients believed that a crocodile had no tongue, he had a pretty safe claim, which, joined to his alleged foreknowledge of the extent of the inundation of the Nile, was all-sufficient for his deification. Hence, no doubt existed of the salvation of the man devoured by one of these reptiles. The sure road to heaven went through a crocodile's maw;\* and even those who were bitten by one were considered peculiarly fortunate.

The priests were not slow in availing themselves of these articles of belief, which they themselves had invented, and accordingly they took care to have tame crocodiles ready to receive the offerings of the faithful. Strabo saw one of these at Arsinoe, that "city of the crocodiles," and an apolaustic life he seems to have led. Bread, meat, and wine, the contributions of travellers and pious neighbors, formed his ordinary diet. Strabo's host—a man of consequence, and the guide of the party in everything relating to sacred things—led the way to the pond, carrying from the table a small cake, some roasted meat, and a cup of spiced wine well mulled. They found Suchos, in which name the crocodile rejoiced, stretched at his ease on the margin. Straightway did the priests approach him. Some opened his mouth, one acolyte popped in the cake, another crammed down the meat, and the whole was finished by pouring down the wine; when Suchos plunged into the pond and swam over to the other side to take his *siesta*. If many pilgrims visited his shrine with similar offerings in the course of the day, the deity must have occasionally afforded the awful spectacle of "a drunken monster," second only to that of Lablache's Caliban.

What a wondrous piece of acting that is! The brutal passion—the cunning ignorance—the monster lower than the man but higher than the brute—something between a chimpanzee and humanity, with a strong dash of his devilish dam in him, are brought out as no actor but that great artist could portray them; and when the mass warms up under the influence of Trinculo's bottle—But words cannot convey the personification; go and see him. Why will not some gifted master write a Sicilian opera, if *Acis and Galatea* will not suffice, and present Lablache as Polyphemus!

\* If a person was killed by a crocodile, or drowned in the Nile, his body was embalmed by the priests, and deposited in the sacred tombs.

All Europe would crowd to behold the incarnation of the Cyclops.

But my pen is running away with me as usual, and must be brought back to these well-fed and well-appointed crocodiles, which were looked up to with some faith as oracles of divination. If the crocodile spontaneously took the cake, or other food offered, it was a good omen; but if the offering was unheeded or rejected, the worst might be expected. There was a dark story that the priests concluded, from such a rejection, that Ptolemy's death was near.

Geoffroy seemed to think that the *Suchos* was a mild and inoffensive species, whose more gentle nature led the Egyptians to deify and tame it; but, to say nothing of the fugitive characters relied on by him as constituting specific difference—characters which can hardly be viewed as indicating more than variety—it seems that the three crocodile mummies, so far from being specimens of Geoffroy's *Suchos*, are identical with his *Margina-tus lacunosus* and *complanatus*.\* *Souc* or *Souchis*, according to M. Champollion, indicates the Egyptian name of *Saturn*; and *Suchos* was, in all probability, the proper name of the individual that Strabo saw at Arsinoe. Thus Apis was the sacred bull of Memphis; that of Heliopolis was Mnevis.

But, however this may be, there can be no doubt that the animal was tamed by the ancients; and as little that proper treatment meets with the same success now. Plutarch relates how the crocodile can be made obedient to the human voice and hand, opening its mouth and suffering its teeth to be cleaned with a towel.

Crocodiles, says Herodotus,† are sacred with some of the Egyptians; but not so with others, who treat them as enemies. Those who dwell about Thebes and the lake Mæris look on them as very sacred; and they each train up a crocodile, which is rendered quite tame. Into the ears of these crocodiles they put crystal and gold earrings, and adorn their fore-paws with bracelets. They give them appointed and sacred food, treating them as well as possible while alive, and when dead they embalm and bury them in the sacred vaults. But the people who dwell about the city Elephantine eat them, not considering them sacred. They are not called crocodiles by the Egyptians, but *champsæ*. The name of crocodiles was given to them by the Ionians because they thought they resembled lizards,‡ which are found in the hedges in their country. But as the crocodile, in a state of nature, was not very likely

to find any careful attendant ready to rub his teeth with a napkin, Nature, it seems, has sent him an animated feathered tooth-pick.

The following, says the Halicarnassian, is the nature of the crocodile:—During the four coldest months it does not eat; though it has four feet, it is amphibious. It lays its eggs on land, and hatches them there. The greater part of the day is spent on the dry ground, but the whole night in the river, for in the night time the water is warmer than the air and the dew. Of all living things of which we know, this grows to be the longest from the smallest beginning. It lays eggs little larger than those of a goose, and the young at first is suitable in size to the egg; but when grown, it reaches to the length of seventeen cubits and more. It has the eyes of a pig, and the teeth and projecting tusks are large in proportion to the body. It is the only animal that has no tongue; it does not move the lower jaw, but is the only animal that brings down its upper jaw to the under one. It is furnished with strong claws, and a skin covered with scales not to be broken on the back.\*

With the exception of the very pardonable mistake generally current with the ancients, in consequence of their being deceived by appearances, about the absence of the tongue and the want of motion in the lower jaw, the description above given may pass very creditably; but then comes a statement, for which we have heard Herodotus branded as a most daring fabulist.

It is blind in the water, continues the historian, but very quick-sighted on land; and because it lives for the most part in the water its mouth is filled with leeches. All other birds and beasts avoid him, but he is at peace with the trochilus, because he receives benefit from that bird. For when the crocodile gets out of the water on land and then opens its jaws, which it does most commonly towards the west, the trochilus enters its mouth and swallows the leeches; the crocodile is so well pleased with this service that it never hurts the trochilus.†

Upon this foundation succeeding writers have raised their fantastic structures, and we proceed to give one or two modes of telling the same story:—

All the day time the crocodile keepeth upon the land, but he passeth the night in the water; and in good regard of the season he doth the one and the other. When he hath filled his belly with fishes, he lieth to sleep upon the sands in the shore; and for that he is a great and greedie devourer, somewhat of the meat sticketh evermore between his teeth. In regard whereof cometh the wren, a little bird called there trochilos, and the king of birds in Italy; and shce for her virtuels' sake, hoppeth first about his mouth, fallett to pecking or picking it with her little neb or bill, and so forward to the teeth, which he cleanseth, and all to make him gap. Then getteth shce within his mouth, which he openeth the wider, by reason that he taketh so great delight in this her scraping and scouring of

\* Geoffroy founded his *C. complanatus* on mummies which MM. Darnèil and Bihon assert are clearly specimens of *Crocodilus vulgaris*.

† *Eut.* 69.

‡ *Κροκοδείλοι*. In Kircher's Egyptian dictionary, *Pisouchi* is made—but upon no sound foundation—the Coptic name for a crocodile. *Emsah*, or *hamsa*, is stated by the safest authorities to be the Coptic word from which, with the feminine article prefixed, has come the Arabic word *limsah*, now current on the banks of the Nile. Herodotus, who was evidently aware of this name, gives it under the form of *χαμψα*, (*champsæ*.)

\* *Eut.* 68.

† *Ibid.*, Cary.

his teeth and chaws. Now when he is lulled as it were fast asleep with this pleasure and contentment of his; the rat of India, or ichneumon, spieth his vantage, and seeing him lye thus broad gaping, whippeth into his mouth, and shooteth himselfe downe his throat as quicke as an arrow, and then gnaweth a hole through his belly, and so killeth him.\*

Sealiger, somewhat scandalized that Pliny had made the bird a wren, was of opinion that it should be described; and the trochilus then came out of the size of a thrush, with an acute crested feather, which it had the power of erecting, so as to prick the palate of the crocodile if he should close his jaws and shut her in. Aldrovand backs this doctrine by a reference to Leo's work on Africa, who declares that he saw on the banks of islands in the middle of the Nile crocodiles sunning themselves, and birds, about the size of a thrush, flitting about them; but after a short space the birds flew away. His inquiries were answered by a statement that portions of the fishes and other animals on which the crocodile feeds stick about his teeth and breed worms, to his great torment. The birds, perceiving the worms when the crocodile gapes, come to feed upon them. But the crocodile, as soon as he finds that all the worms are eaten up, closes his mouth, and attempts to swallow the bird that has entered, but, being wounded by the sharp spine with which the head of the bird is armed, gapes again and sets the winged prisoner free.

The narrative of Herodotus has received corroboration from the pen of the accomplished author of *Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*.†

I will relate (says Mr. Curzon, in that amusing and interesting book) a fact in natural history which I was fortunate enough to witness, and which, although it is mentioned so long ago as the times of Herodotus, has not, I believe, been often observed since: indeed, I have never met with any traveller who has himself seen such an occurrence.

I had always a strong predilection for crocodile-shooting, and had destroyed several of these dragons of the waters. On one occasion I saw, a long way off, a large one, twelve or fifteen feet long, lying asleep under a perpendicular bank, about ten feet high, on the margin of the river. I stopped the boat at some distance; and noting the place as well as I could, I took a circuit inland, and came down cautiously to the top of the bank, whence with a heavy rifle I made sure of my ugly game. I had already cut off his head in my imagination, and was considering whether it should be stuffed with its mouth open or shut. I peeped over the bank; there he was within ten feet of the sight of the rifle. I was on the point of firing at his eye, when I observed that he was attended by a bird called a zic-zac. It is of the plover species, of a grayish color, and as large as a small pigeon.

The bird was walking up and down close to the crocodile's nose. I suppose I moved, for suddenly it saw me, and instead of flying away, as any respectable bird would have done, he jumped up about a foot from the ground, screamed "Zic-zac!"

zic-zac!" with all the powers of his voice, and dashed himself against the crocodile's face two or three times. The great beast started up, and immediately spying his danger, made a jump into the air, and, dashing into the water with a splash which covered me with mud, he dived into the river and disappeared. The zic-zac to my increased admiration—proud, apparently, of having saved his friend—remained walking up and down, uttering his cry, as I thought, with an exulting voice, and standing every now and then on the tips of his toes in a conceited manner, which made me justly angry with his impertinence. After having waited in vain for some time, to see whether the crocodile would come out again, I got up from the bank where I was lying, threw a clod of earth at the zic-zac, and came back to the boat, feeling some consolation for the loss of my game in having witnessed a circumstance the truth of which has been disputed by several writers on natural history.

The crocodile's protector was actuated, doubtless, by that self-interest which governs so many social compacts; and Herodotus, when he describes the bird as freeing the crocodile from his troublesome parasites, only records an alliance which is far from uncommon in the history of animals. To say nothing of the familiar instances of the daws, magpies, and starlings, that attend upon our sheep and horned cattle, there are more close alliances founded on a reciprocity of benefits. Such, among the warm-blooded vertebrated animals, is the connection between the *Buphaga erythrohyncha*—the beef-eater of the English, the *pique-boeuf* of the French—and the oxen, camels, and antelopes, which it frees from the *larvæ* that burrow in their hides, for which service its feet and beak are admirably adapted—the feet, armed with strong claws, affording a firm hold on the back of the animal, and the beak, fashioned so as to dig and extract the maggots as neatly as an instrument combining the qualities of a lancet and forceps, in skilful surgical hands, could perform the operation. Such are the rhinoceros birds mentioned by Mr. Cumming. Even among the molluscous animals we have the association of the pinna and the crab.

The rhinoceros birds were just as attentive to their charge as the guard which deprived Mr. Curzon of his "ugly game." A native had informed Mr. Cumming that a white rhinoceros was lying asleep in thick cover, and he accompanied his guide to the spot. The rhinoceros was lying asleep beneath a shady tree, and his appearance reminded Mr. Cumming of an enormous hog. The beast kept constantly flapping his ears, which, he says, rhinoceroses invariably do when sleeping. But before he could reach the proper distance to fire, several *rhinoceros birds* by which he was attended warned him of his impending danger by sticking their bills into his ear, and uttering their harsh, grating cry. Thus aroused, he suddenly sprang to his feet, crashed away through the jungle at a rapid rate, and Mr. Cumming saw him no more. But it appears that it is not to the rhinoceros alone that these guardians do good service.

\* Holland's *Pliny*. † London: John Murray. 1849.



These rhinoceros-birds (continues our mighty hunter) are constant attendants upon the hippopotamus and the four varieties of rhinoceros, their object being to feed upon the ticks and other parasitic insects that swarm upon these animals. They are of a grayish color, and are nearly as large as a common thrush; their voice is very similar to that of the mistletoe thrush. Many a time have these ever-watchful birds disappointed me in my stalk, and tempted me to invoke an anathema on their devoted heads. They are the best friends the rhinoceros has, and rarely fail to awaken him, even in his soundest nap. "Chuckuroo" perfectly understands their warning, and, springing to his feet, he generally looks about him in every direction, after which he invariably makes off. I have often hunted a rhinoceros on horseback, which led me a chase of many miles, and required a number of shots before he fell, during which chase several of these birds remained by the rhinoceros to the last. They reminded me of mariners on the deck of some bark sailing on the ocean, for they perched along his back and sides; and as each of my bullets told on the shoulder of the rhinoceros they ascended about six feet into the air, uttering their harsh cry of alarm, and then resumed their position. It sometimes happened that the lower branches of trees, under which the rhinoceros passed, swept them from their living deck, but they always recovered their former station; they also adhere to the rhinoceros during the night. I have often shot these animals at midnight when drinking at the fountains, and the birds, imagining they were asleep, remained with them till morning, and on my approaching, before taking flight, they exerted themselves to their utmost to awaken Chuckuroo from his deep sleep.

Geoffroy was of opinion, and others agree with him, that the Egyptian dotterell,\* first described by Hasselquist, is the *trochilus* of Herodotus; and it is a curious instance of the perverseness of systematists that they should have pressed the last-mentioned name into their service to designate those volatile animated gems† which shoot by like meteors in that western world which was unknown to the ancients, and to which these brilliant birds are exclusively confined. Linnæus, who gives

\* *Charadrius Egyptius*, Linn. Hamet, Hippo's careful and intelligent attendant, when told what Herodotus and Aristotle had stated on this subject, expressed his disbelief of the story, but said he knew the bird, which he described pretty accurately. Mr. Mitchell took him down to the museum, in the garden, when he at once pointed out *Hoplopterus spinosus*, a spur-winged dotterell or plover, as the bird he meant. This species, it appears, is constantly found in the places where the crocodiles land, and runs about hunting for insects—small molluscs, perhaps, and such things—when the crocodiles are lying asleep. The appearance of the hunter immediately excites a noisy note from the plover, the crocodile wakes, and the natives believe that the bird is the crocodile's friend and watchman. The Sheigea Arabs call this bird *El sugda*; the natives of Dongola call it *El um tisaad*, which, being interpreted, means the cousin or niece of the crocodile. Mr. Curzon's narrative leads to the inference of a much more intimate connexion between the bird and the crocodile than a mere cry at the approach of danger. The spur on each of the wings of hoplopterus is nearly half an inch long. The reader will remember, in one of the versions of the story, the sharp spine with which the bird is said to be armed, and which Leo places on its head.

† The humming-birds—*Trochilidae* and *Trochilus* of modern ornithologists—inhabiting America and the West India islands.

the Egyptian dotterell a place among his *charadrii*, (plovers,) makes no sign as to its being the *trochilus* of Herodotus, and he adopts that word as the specific name of the common wren of our hedges.\*

In the grand battle between the hippopotami and the crocodiles, represented on the plinth of the statue of Nilus, a somewhat long-billed but rather corpulent long-legged bird seems ready to come to the assistance of a crocodile, which has a hippopotamus fast by the nose. Another and similar bird stands calmly before an open-mouthed crocodile. If the sculptor intended these for *trochili*, they have not much of the wren about them, nor of the plover either. They may have been meant for ibises looking on at the row.

Hasselquist declares that the crocodiles do inexpressible mischief to the common people of Upper Egypt, often killing and devouring women who come to the river to fetch water, and children playing on the shore or swimming in the river. He relates that in the stomach of one dissected before Mr. Barton, the English consul, the bones of the legs and arms of a woman, with the rings which Egyptian women wear as ornaments, were found. The fishermen, whose nets are broken by the crocodiles if they come in his way, are, he says, often exposed to great danger from those terrible monsters.

Sonnini relates that they are formidable to the inhabitants, and that in some places they are obliged to form in the river an enclosure of stakes and fagots, that the women, in drawing water, may not have their legs carried off by the crocodiles. The Catholics, he adds, are persuaded that those hideous destroyers will attack a Mussulman, but forbear to injure a Christian, and bathe without fear in the Nile, while the Mahometans, acknowledging the miracle, dare not expose themselves there.

After alluding to the veneration which the crocodile experienced in some parts of Egypt in remote times, and the fury with which it was pursued and destroyed in others, Sonnini remarks that in his time the crocodile was neither revered nor destroyed. Banished to the most southern part of Egypt, they assemble there, he says, in vast numbers. They are to be seen when the sun is at its height, their head above the water, immovable, and appearing at a distance like large pieces of floating wood, gliding slowly down with the current and basking in the heat, in which they delight. He shot several, approaching very close, which, as they were not often disturbed, he was able to do; but he does not appear to have bagged any like Mr. Cumming, with whose best and worst dog the crocodiles of South Africa made off. In the neighborhood of Thebes, the small boat in which Sonnini sailed up the river was often surrounded by crocodiles. They saw the party pass with indifference, neither discovering fear nor any cruel intent at the approach of the voyagers. The noise of the musket-shot alone disturbed their tranquillity. Sonnini asserts that they never rise

\* *Motacilla trochilus*.

upon vessels, and that, how little soever the gun-wales may be raised above the water, nothing is to be apprehended from their attacks. But he advises the navigator to avoid thrusting his arms or legs into the stream, or he will run the risk of getting them snapped off by the sharp-pointed teeth of the crocodiles. Very alert in the water, which, he says, they cleave with rapidity, they make, according to him, but slow progress on dry land; and were it not that their slime color and the coat of mud with which they cover themselves in walking along the miry shores of the Nile, disguise them so as to render them less perceptible, and thus expose men to be surprised by them, they are, he declares, by no means so dangerous out of the watery element, in which they are stronger and more at liberty.

The portrait of the ichneumon "*que les Egyptiens nomment Rat de Pharaon*," is given in the *Portraits d'Animaux*,\* with the following morsel of poetry:—

Voy le portrait du Rat de Pharaon,  
Qui chasse aux rats, comme fait la Belette;  
Au demeurant fort cauteleuse beste,  
Qui autrement est nommée Ichneumon.

But not a word is said about the romance of its leaping into the gaping mouths of crocodiles, gliding into their bellies, and eating their way out of the entrails of the reptiles, which the ancient authors and many of the moderns loved to dwell upon, but which Sonnini treats with the contempt that it deserves. The natural food of the ichneumons consists of rats, birds, eggs, and reptiles; and if some of them have been seen springing on little crocodiles with fury when presented to them, the act was the effect of their general appetite for such game generally, and not of a particular antipathy. It would, as Sonnini observes, be at least equally reasonable to say that their mission on earth was to prevent the too great propagation of chickens, to which they are far more hostile than to crocodiles. In his time, and in more than half of northern Egypt, that is to say, in that part comprised between the Mediterranean Sea and the city of Siout, ichneumons were very common, although there were no crocodiles there; while they were more rare in Upper Egypt, where the crocodiles were more numerous. The great scourge of the crocodiles is a tortoise called *thirshé* by the Arabians—one of the Potamians, probably—which, when the little crocodiles just hatched repair to the river, springs upon them and devours them. Persons of undoubted veracity at Thebais told Sonnini that out of fifty young crocodiles, the produce of one hatching, seven only had escaped the *thirshé*, which is also a keen devourer of the crocodile's eggs. Seven little crocodiles, each eleven inches long, were brought to the French traveller when he was at Kous. Their teeth were already very sharp, and they appeared to have come into the world with the true crocodile spirit. The Egyptian who took them said that there were about fifty of them to-

gether, but that it was impossible to catch them all because the mother arrived unexpectedly, and was eager to fly at him. From such small beginnings are these enormous monsters developed. Sonnini saw at Negaudé the skin of a crocodile thirty feet long and four broad; and he was assured that some had been found in the Nile of the length of fifty feet. One thing is certain, that the number of teeth was as great in the newly-hatched reptiles as in those that had attained to that enormous size.

Herodotus\* gives an amusing account of the bait with which the ancient fishermen bobbed for crocodiles. Having well covered his hook with the chine of a hog, he makes, according to the historian, a cast into the middle of the river; and then producing a young live pig on the bank, he beats it till he makes it squeal. The crocodile, attracted by the piercing cry, goes in the direction whence it proceeds, meets with the baited hook, swallows it, is struck, in angling phrase, and the tackle being none of the finest, is drawn bodily to land. But when the crocodile is there the angler would have but a hard time of it, if he did not instantly set to work to plaster up the eyes of his game with mud. When he has done this, it is managed very easily; but he has a world of trouble before the operation is completed. Hasselquist found a fishing-hook in the palate of one which he dissected; and the eggs which he procured, larger than that of a hen but less than that of a goose, covered with a hard crust, of a rugged surface, and of a cloudy white color, were taken out of a female thirty feet long.

It was to be expected that the Roman populace, whose cry for novelty at the great shows only equalled that for bread, would be familiarized with the monsters of the Nile:—

Marcus Scaurus was the first man who, in his plaies and games that he set out in his ædileship, made a show of one water-horse and four crocodiles, swimming in a pool or mote made for the time during these solemnities.†

This seems to have been a zoological exhibition, and nothing more; but the crocodiles were soon brought forward for more cruel purposes, and to pander to the popular lust for blood. Augustus turned six-and-thirty into the amphitheatre at once. The shout raised by the thousands who beheld that monstrous entrance, could only have been equalled by the breathless silence with which they saw the bold, calm gladiators advance upon their frightful antagonists. The *bestiarii*, who were sworn to face any living thing that their lord and master chose to oppose to them, did their butcherly duty that day, for not one of the thirty-six was left alive.

Most probably the conquerors feasted on them afterwards, for there was a saying that

A crocodile is good meat,  
All save the head and feet;

though a little musky, perhaps; and the head was

\* 1657.

\* *Eut.* 70.

† Holland's *Pliny*.

not without its use in the Roman pharmacopœia, as, for instance :—

The eye-teeth of the said crocodile filled up with frankincense, (for hollow they be,) and tied to any part of the body, put by those periodical fevers which use to return at set and certain hours; but then the patient must not for five days together see the party who fastened the same about him. And they report likewise, that the little gravel stones taken out of their belly be of the same virtue to drive away the shaking fits of agues when they are coming, which is the cause that the Egyptians use ordinarily to anoint their sick folk with the fat of this beast.

The blood administered to the eyes was supposed to promote clearness of vision. The fat bore a high price, for he who was anointed with it might fearlessly dive in the Nile, though surrounded by crocodiles. It was reckoned excellent good for the bites of serpents, according to Dioscorides; and Leo lauds its efficacy in the case of old ulcers, and even of cancers. Boiled in water with vinegar, it was held a sovereign remedy for the toothache, if the patient washed his face with the decoction; and no doubt it did the sufferers as much good as any nostrum now advertised. The skin, if carried round fields or gardens, and afterwards suspended there, was held to be a sure defence against approaching hailstorms. In modern times not only is the musk of the glands held precious, (or was, not long ago,) but other parts of the animal were used for medicinal purposes. Hasselquist notices the "folliculus," of the bigness of a hazel nut, under the shoulders of the old crocodiles, containing a thick matter which smells like musk. The Egyptians, he says, are very anxious to get this when they kill a crocodile, it being a perfume much esteemed by the grandees, but Hasselquist did not find one in any that he dissected. He states that the Egyptians use the fat against the rheumatism and stiffness of the tendons, esteeming it a powerful remedy outwardly applied.

He mentions the gall, as being considered good for the eyes; and that, and the eyes of the crocodiles themselves, as used by the Egyptians for purposes about which we care not to be particular.

I am not aware that a true crocodile has ever been exhibited alive in this country. I never saw one, though I have seen many alligators of all sizes. It would not be very difficult to bring over a Nilotic crocodile; and if the Zoological Society of London were to show one with its attendant dotterell and the hippopotamus,\* the attraction would

\* 6th Oct.—I to the Zoological Garden, and in my way to the hippopotamus came upon a late hatch of six young black swans not long out of the egg, walking with their affectionate mother, the proud father strutting in advance ready to do battle with all comers, and looking as if he defied the world. Looked in upon Jenny Lind, who had broken her horn at the base, or rather loosened it at the suture, so that it went quite back. But the keeper set it cleverly, and it is now in place, exalted, like that of her namesake by Brother Jonathan; so that she carries her head as proudly and symmetrically as any giraffe of them all.

The great tortoise had cuddled into a corner of his house, as if he felt the approach of winter.

Hippo was in his bath. When he sinks he puts back his ears, and closes them to keep out the water. A large

be strong. The clever keepers of that establishment would soon reconcile them to each other, and present another "united happy family" to the wondering spectators.

Without wearying the reader with anatomical details, we would draw attention to certain peculiarities in the organization of the crocodilian family, which are not only essential to its well-being, but indicate that approximation of one form to another of which every observer who studies animated nature is constantly reminded.

The cervical vertebræ are furnished with a sort of false ribs, which impede lateral motion; and, indeed, the general structure of the vertebral column, as far as the pelvis, combined with the abdominal ribs, renders it difficult for the *crocodilidae* to bend their bodies sideways; whence the notion of throwing them out when in pursuit by doubling back. There is a story of an Englishman running before a large alligator which came out of the lake Nicaragua, and was gaining on him fast. He would have been soon overtaken by his grim pursuer, had not some Spaniards called to him to run in a circle and baffle it by compelling it to resort to the laborious operation of turning, if it should be bent on continuing the pursuit. That an alligator can bend its body *and* tail so as to bring head and tail together I have proved. I took an alligator between five and six feet long, at the Zoological Garden in the Regent's Park, by the tail, and lifted it off its legs, when, by what certainly appeared to be a violent effort, it bent its body so as to reach my hand with its head. I had a glove on, but the reptile bit it through, without, however, wounding my hand.

The abdominal ribs, which form a sort of plastron for the protection of the belly, in addition to the false and ordinary ribs, do not reach up to the spine, and seem to be the result of an ossification of the tendinous portion of the recti muscles. True clavicles there are none, but, as in the rest of the Saurian tribe, the coracoid apophyses are attached to the breast-bone. The lungs of reptiles generally reach down into the abdomen; but such is not the case with the crocodilians, and

vegetable marrow was thrown to him by Hamet. He mumbled it for some time in the water, and below the surface as well as above, making an impression on the fruit but not breaking it. When below the surface he would let it out of his mouth, and then rise after it as it floated to the top, trying his young teeth upon it. At last his vegetable appetite appeared to be roused. He brought it to one of the steps of his bath, and, reposing, set to work upon it in good earnest, with all but his head still in the water, succeeded in breaking it, bit off pieces, chewed them with a slow, champing, snapping motion, without any lateral grinding, and swallowed them. He had previously been offered green maize, which he mumbled, broke, and played with, but did not eat, so far as I could see. Boiled carrots and kohl-rûbe were more to his taste; and he had eaten freely of them before the experiment of the raw vegetable marrow was made. All this looks like a healthy state of stomach, and I cannot help hoping that his careful attendants will bring him through the winter. He was rather fractious at first on being left, but is now reconciled to the absence of his kind Hamet at night, and sleeps by himself very comfortably. In short, his conduct entirely justifies the epithet conferred on him by Mr. Dickens, who has immortalized "The Good Hippopotamus."

some fleshy fibres adhering to that part of the peritoneum which covers the liver, remind the observer of a diaphragm. This organization, combined with their trilobular heart, where the blood coming from the lungs is not mingled with the venous portion of that fluid, which comes from the body, so completely as it is in other reptiles, approximates, though in no great degree, the crocodilians to the warm-blooded quadrupeds. As in the tortoises, the auditory bone and the pterygoid apophyses are fixed to the skull.

But the jaws, which in the chelonians are edentulous, are furnished with numerous large conical teeth of unequal length, implanted in a single row in the thickness of the upper and lower maxillary bones, in separate cavities, each of which may be looked upon as a true alveolus or socket. This formidable array is constantly kept up in good order and condition by a provision which insures a constant supply of serviceable teeth. Each tooth is hollowed at the base, so as to become the case or sheath of the tooth of greater size destined to replace it; so that, in the crocodiles, the operation of teething is always painlessly going on: nor does the number of the teeth vary according to age. The pressure of the rising tooth causes an absorption of the hollow base of the old one; and as the former advances the latter dwindles, till it drops out and is succeeded by the new one. It need hardly be observed that great solidity and strength result from this double *gomphosis*; while, to add to the firmness of the terrible apparatus, the sockets are directed obliquely from front to rear. Each tooth is, so to speak, insulated; and a gum, or at least what does duty for a gum, covers the bony edges of the jaws whence they spring.

The depressed and elongated body and tail are shielded on the back by solid carinated scuteons. The scales of the belly are squared, comparatively delicate, and smooth. The tail is longer than the body, compressed laterally, and its scales are elevated into a central ridge. The fore-feet are furnished with five toes, the hind-feet with four. All the toes are armed with claws, and more or less webbed. The nostrils open at the end of the muzzle, and are raised and furnished with crescent-shaped slits. This elevation is very strongly marked in the Gavials or Gharrials, and enables the animal to lie floating with the nostrils above the water without exposing much of the head. They are closed by valves when the creature descends. The fleshy flat tongue is attached very nearly up to the edges; whence the notion of the ancients that the crocodile had none. This conformation prevents, in a great measure, the routing out of leeches, &c., by muscular action, and accounts for the necessity of external aid in freeing the mouth from annoying parasites. The lower jaw is prolonged backwards beyond the skull, and the gape is proportionably elongated. Hence, when the animal raises its head and throws it a little backwards on opening the mouth by the depression of the lower jaw, it has the ap-

pearance of moving its upper jaw, whence the error of the ancients in that respect.

Cuvier observes that the crocodiles cannot swallow when in the water, but the evidence of those who have seen alligators in their fishing expeditions hardly supports this assertion. It is true that such witnesses relate, that, after having seized the fish beneath the surface, the captor rises above it, and occasionally tosses the prey into the air, as if to get rid of the water taken in at the time of the seizure; but there can be no question that, on such occasions, the fish is swallowed by the alligator without leaving the water; though the latter repairs to the land for the purpose of devouring such land animals as it may have succeeded in surprising and drowning, after they have undergone such a degree of decomposition as renders their fibre tender and more easily divided by crocodilian teeth. With all due submission, then, to the high authority of the great French zoologist, his position may be doubted; and, indeed, the careful adaptation of a part of its organization to the requirements of the animal goes far to contradict it. This conformation we shall endeavor to explain with as little technicality as possible. If the interior of the mouth of a crocodile or alligator be examined, the roof of the palate will be found nearly flat, and not pierced by the extremities of the nasal *fossæ*, as in the greater number of other reptiles. No; the posterior nasal apertures open in the pharynx behind the palatine veil, which is sufficiently elongated to over-spread that portion of the roof which is in front of the glottis, or opening of the windpipe. Indeed, it is probable that the crocodiles are the only reptiles that have a true pharynx, in other words, a vestibule common to the mouth, the posterior nostrils, the larynx or windpipe, and the esophagus or gullet. This arrangement of the parts in combination with the muscular structure of the tongue, the bone of which, or *os hyoides*, has a peculiar expansion, produces a sort of disk or valve, which can be lifted and applied to the *velum palati* above, so as effectually to protect the glottis and perform the office of the *epiglottis* in mammiferous animals, conferring on the crocodile a peculiar power of deglutition and respiration when it has seized its prey below the surface of the water, or has dragged it down from the land. The same admirable machinery comes also into play in carrying on respiration, when the animal lies with its muzzle alone above the surface of the water.

The eggs of the crocodile are covered with a hard shell, and are as large as those of a goose, but not so oval. The female is said to guard the nest or place of deposit, and to bestow maternal care upon the young during some months.

The form is widely spread. Asia, Africa, and America, have it. There is no authentic record of its ever having inhabited Europe, in the present state of the world at least; unless we are to give credit to the assertion of Malte-Brun, that one was taken in the Rhone some two centuries ago. The fifth quarter of the globe, Australasia, has not



as yet been found to possess it. The muzzle of the crocodiles is not so wide as that of the alligators or caymans; and some of the Asiatic species, the gavials\* for example, have the jaws elongated into a narrow snout, with a rounded termination, reminding one in some degree of the beak of a gigantic spoonbill armed with teeth.

The alligators, according to some, derive their name from the Portuguese word *lagarto*, signifying a lizard; some make it a modification of the Indian word *legateer*, or *allegater*; and others, again, suppose that it is simply a corruption of the words *al lagatore*,† the inhabitants of the lake or lagoon—for travellers agree generally in stating that the caymans are never found in the rapids, or even in the running part of the stream, but in creeks, lagoons, or back waters. There is this difference, also, between them and the true crocodiles, that whereas the latter frequently descend beyond the brackish water of great rivers, even into the sea—the greater species that inhabits the Ganges for example—and have been known to swim from island to island where the distance has been considerable, no such migrations have been generally recorded on the part of the alligators, which, it has been said, never quit the fresh water.‡ When, after the intense heats of summer, the cold season approaches, the alligators bury themselves in the mud of some stagnant pool, and there remain concealed and comfortable, in the sort of death-in-life state of hybernation, till the genial breath of spring calls them again into active life. Then, and as the summer advances, multitudes may be seen in the unfrequented waters of South America, their huge flat heads floating among the luxuriant nymphæa—such as Queen Victoria's own water-lily, and other aquatic plants, with which the surface is, as it were, carpeted—or basking on the sunny banks in a dozing state, when the day is at the hottest. They probably have a feathered attendant, as the true crocodiles have, for a bird has been seen quietly perched on an alligator's snout.

Like the poacher, their principal time of fishing is in the night, when they assemble in large companies, drive the fish before them, with loud bellowsings that may be heard a mile off, into some retired creek, and take up a position at the mouth of it. Then the work of destruction begins. Diving under the crowded shoal, the alligators seize the prey, not unfrequently using their tails to

sweep the terrified fish which attempt to escape, towards their gaping mouths, while the shores resound with the clanking of their jaws. Some have supposed that the musky secretion of the glands beneath the throat has attraction for the fish, as the anglers of old were used to anoint their baits with perfumed unguents to draw the finny race to their hooks. But, although fish form the principal food of the alligators, they not unfrequently seize on land animals, which, if too large to be swallowed whole, they sink beneath the bank till it becomes what venison-eaters term rather high, when it is brought out and devoured at leisure on the bank. Some of them have been known to attack men while bathing or swimming across rivers; and there goes a saying, that they prefer the flesh of a negro to any other delicacy. Sonnini, when he notices the belief above referred to, that the Christian bears a charmed life against the crocodile, while the Mussulman is devoured, states that he has read somewhere that in Western Africa, the reptile not only prefers the negro, but never touches the white Christian.

Like several fishes, gold and silver fish and the carp for example, the alligators live at their ease in waters of a very high temperature. Bartram found great numbers, both alligators and fish, in a spring near the Mosquito River in Florida, strongly impregnated with vitriol, and nearly at boiling point where it issued from the earth.

At St. Domingo, M. Ricord had opportunities of witnessing the mode in which reproduction is carried on among the crocodilians of that island. In April and May, he tells us, the female deposits from twenty to twenty-five eggs, more or less, in the sand without much care, and indeed hardly covering them. He met with them occasionally in the lime which the masons had left on the river's bank. According to his reckoning, and if the temperature be sufficiently genial, the young come forth five or six inches in length on the fortieth day. They are hatched without aid, and as they are able to exist without nourishment while extricating themselves from the egg, the female is in no haste to bring it to them; but she leads them towards the water and into the mud, where she disgorges half-digested food for their nourishment. The male, he says, takes no notice of them. They retain for some time the umbilical cicatrice whereby the vitellus was absorbed while they were in the egg.\*

Like the young turtles, many of them are destroyed by their numerous enemies in their way to the river, and before they get into deep water.

\* More properly, garrials.

† Sloane, who writes *allagator*, *allegator*, *alagarta*, and *alagartos*, derives it from the Spanish *alagarta*, a lizard.

‡ But note. Sir Hans Sloane, in his *Jamaica*, speaking of the shoals between Port Royal and Passage Fort, and of the corals, starfishes, and echini, which there abound, says that "alligators are often drawn on shore in the seine-nets by the fishermen, whose nets are generally broken by them;" and he speaks of one which was afterwards taken, as stated at p. 34 of this book, that used to do abundance of mischief to the people's cattle "in the neighborhood of this bay, having his regular courses to look for prey." And Sloane further remarks, that "They are very common on the coasts and deep rivers of Jamaica." Catesby, too, states, that they frequent salt rivers near the sea, as well as streams of fresh water, fresh and salt lakes.

\* A collector who had taken the contents of one of these nests, brought the eggs to the house where he was living, and put them into his room on the first floor. One day he went out, leaving the door of his room open, and on his return beheld a swarm of young alligators coming down stairs. Another procured a number of these eggs just before he sailed for England, and put them into one of his chests. Towards the end of the voyage he had occasion to open the chest where he had stowed away the eggs, and found a legion of these black lumps among his shirts and stockings. Some of these young alligators arrived alive and well in this country.

Vultures devour them both in the egg and on their exclusion ; and ravenous fishes thin their ranks as soon as they reach the element in which those who survive are to pass so much of their existence.

The flesh of alligators is eaten by the Indians, and I have been assured by those who have partaken of it, that the tail of a young alligator sliced and treated like veal cutlets bears no distant resemblance to that dish.

Of their ravenous and ferocious disposition there can be little doubt, and stories illustrative of it are not uncommon. Bontius relates, that a man who had conducted a horse to drink was fiercely attacked by an enormous one, and if the latter had not suddenly sprung away, both man and horse would have been in danger of their lives. Acosta records the bravery of an Indian father, whose little son had been seized by an alligator that plunged with his prey into the depths of the river. The father, a strong and skilful swimmer, armed with a short sword, leaped in after the reptile, dived under it, and by a succession of vigorous stabs in the belly compelled the monster to make for the bank, where it deposited the child half-dead. Mr. Waterton is not the only rider who has bestridden one of these river Bucephali. He mounted an alligator. Adanson witnessed and shared in an engagement with a true crocodile. The negroes, it appears, in the neighborhood of the river Senegal, boldly attack these monsters ; and on one occasion a negro discovered a crocodile, seven feet long, asleep, among some bushes at the foot of a tree near the banks of the river. The negro stealthily crept up, and inflicted a deep wound on the side of the reptile's neck. The crocodile with one sweep of his tail knocked the negro off his legs ; but he rose instantly, and slipped a rope over the crocodile's muzzle, while one of his companions secured the formidable tail. Then Adanson leaped on the crocodile's back, and kept it down while the negro drew out the knife which he had left sticking in the wound, and cut off his antagonist's head. Another author mentions one of the garrison of Fort St. Louis who used frequently to amuse himself with these duels, and always with success ; till at last he was so terribly wounded in one of those combats, that he must have been killed outright if some of his comrades had not come to the rescue.

Sir Hans Sloane was offered the stuffed skin of an alligator nineteen feet long when he was at Jamaica, but he could not accept of it on account of its size, "wanting room to stow it." The story of its capture, as related by him, is curious. The people in the neighborhood of the bay between Port Royal and Passage Fort having suffered great loss of cattle by its depredations, a dog was used as a bait, with a piece of wood tied to a cord, the further end of which was made fast to a bed-post. The reptile, coming round as usual every night, seized the dog, was taken by the piece of wood, which stuck across his throat, in his struggles drew the bed to the window, and waked the people, "who killed the alligator which had done

them much mischief." Sir Hans also records that there was "a pottle of stones" in the belly of one nine feet long. Ravenous as the alligators are, they are, like serpents and tortoises, capable of enduring a very long fast. Browne, in his *Natural History* of the same island which Sloane so ably illustrated, remarks that they are observed to live for many months without any visible sustenance ; which experiment, he says, is frequently tried in Jamaica by tying their jaws with wire, and putting them thus tied up into a pond, well, or water-tub, where they often lie for a considerable time, rising to the surface from time to time for breath. He also asserts, that on opening the animal the stomach is generally found charged with stones of a pointed oval, but flattened shape, to which they seem to have been worn in its bowels.

Doubtless (adds the worthy doctor) it swallows them, not only for nourishment, which is evident from the attrition and solution of their surfaces, but also to help its digestion, and to stir up the oscillations of the slothful fibres of its stomach, as many other creatures do. Some people think it swallowed them to keep them easier under water at times ; but how reasonable soever this conjecture may seem to some people, it will not take with such as are better acquainted with the nature of aquatic animals.

Catesby\* thus draws their portraits :—

In Jamaica, and many parts of the continent, they are found above twenty feet in length ; they cannot be more terrible in their aspect than they are formidable and mischievous in their natures, sparing neither man nor beast they can surprise, pulling them under water, that, being dead, they may with greater facility, and without struggle or resistance, devour them. As quadrupeds do not so often come in their way, they mostly subsist on fish ; but as Providence, for the preservation, or to prevent the extinction, of defenceless creatures, hath, in many instances, restrained the devouring appetites of voracious animals by some impediment or other, so this destructive monster, by the close connexion of the joints of his vertebrae, can neither swim nor run any other ways than straight forward, and is consequently disabled from turning with that agility requisite to catch his prey by pursuit. Therefore they do it by surprise, in the water as well as by land ; for effecting of which Nature seems, in some measure, to have recompensed their want of agility, by giving them a power of deceiving and catching their prey, by a sagacity peculiar to them, as well as by the outward form and color of their body—which on land resembles an old dirty log or tree ; and, in the water, frequently lies floating on the surface, and there has the like appearance—by which, and his silent artifice, fish, fowl, turtle, and all other animals, are deceived, suddenly caught, and devoured.

Catesby also mentions their habit of swallowing stones and other hard substances, not, as he thinks, to help digestion, but to distend and prevent the contraction of their intestines when they are empty. In the greater number of many which he opened nothing appeared but chumps of light wood and pieces of pine-tree coal, some of which weighed

\* Carolina.

eight pounds, and were reduced and worn so smooth from their original angular roughness, that they seemed to have remained there many months.

Dr. Buckland, in his *Bridgewater Treatise*, well observes, that in the living subgenera of the crocodilian family we see the elongated and slender beak of the gavia constructed for feeding on fishes; whilst the shorter and stronger snout of the broad-nosed crocodiles and alligators gives them the power of seizing and devouring quadrupeds that come to the banks of rivers in hot countries to drink. As there were scarcely any mammalia during the secondary periods, while the waters were abundant, we might, *a priori*, expect, he remarks, that if any crocodilian forms then existed, they would most nearly resemble the modern gavia. Accordingly, those genera only which have elongated beaks have been found in formations anterior to, and including the chalk; whilst the true crocodiles, with a short and broad snout like the alligator, appear for the first time in strata of the tertiary periods in which the remains of mammalia abound.

Though neither crocodile nor alligator exists in Europe, nor ever, I believe, has existed there since that quarter of the globe was peopled, there was a time when this now temperate island must have teemed with animals only able to exist in warm latitudes, and when its hotter clime presented a congregation of all the crocodilian forms now so widely scattered and separated. What geographical changes has the world undergone since that time! How different was the face of this fair island before the eocene deposits were formed!

At the present day the conditions of earth, air, water, and warmth, which are indispensable to the existence and propagation of these most gigantic of living saurians, concur only in the tropical or warmer temperate latitudes of the globe. Crocodiles, gavials, and alligators, now require, in order to put forth in full vigor the powers of their cold-blooded constitution, the stimulus of a large amount of solar heat, with ample verge of watery space for the evolutions which they practise in the capture and disposal of their prey. Marshes with lakes—extensive estuaries—large rivers, such as the Gambia and Niger, that traverse the pestilential tracts of Africa—or those that inundate the country through which they run, either periodically, as the Nile for example, or with less regularity, like the Ganges; or which bear a broader current of

tepid water along boundless forests and savannas, like those ploughed in ever-varying channels by the force of the mighty Amazon or Oronooko—such form the theatres of the destructive existence of the carnivorous and predacious crocodilian reptiles.\*

Well may the gifted professor ask, What must have been the extent and configuration of the eocene continent which was drained by the rivers that deposited the masses of clay and sand, accumulated in some parts of the London and Hampshire basins to the height of one thousand feet, and forming the graveyard of countless crocodiles and gavials? whither trended that great stream, once the haunt of alligators, the resort of tapir-like quadrupeds, the sandy bed of which is now exposed on the up-heaved face of Hordwell Cliff?

No one is better qualified to give an answer to such questions than the deep-thinking and eloquent querist. Everything must fade after the vivid picture here presented, and with it we close the scene:—

Had any of the human kind existed and traversed the land where now the base of Britain rises from the ocean, he might have witnessed the gavia cleaving the waters of its native river with the velocity of an arrow, and ever and anon rearing its slender snout above the waves, and making the banks reëcho with the loud and sharp snappings of its formidably-armed jaws; he might have watched the deadly struggle between the crocodile and palæothere, and have been himself warned by the hoarse and deep bellowings of the alligator from the dangerous vicinity of its retreat. Our fossil evidences supply us with ample materials for this most strange picture of the animal life of ancient Britain, and what adds to the singularity and interest of the restored *tableau vivant* is the fact, that it could not now be produced in any part of the world. The same forms of crocodilian reptiles, it is true, still exist, but the habitats of the gavia and the alligator are wide asunder, thousands of miles of land and ocean intervening; one is peculiar to the tropical rivers of continental Asia, the other is restricted to the warmer latitudes of North and South America; both forms are excluded from Africa, in the rivers of which continent true crocodiles alone are found. Not one representative of the crocodilian order naturally exists in any part of Europe; yet every form of the order once flourished in close proximity to each other in a territory which now forms part of England.†

\* Owen's *History of British Fossil Reptiles*.

† Ibid.

From the Dublin U. Magazine.

#### MEMORY.

Soft as rays of sunlight stealing  
On the dying day;  
Sweet, as chimes of low bells pealing,  
When eve fades away;  
Sad as winds at night that moan,  
Through the heath o'er mountains lone,  
Come the thoughts of days now gone  
On manhood's memory.  
  
As the sunbeams from the heaven  
Hide at eve their light;

As the bells when fades the even  
Peal not on the night;  
As the night-winds cease to sigh  
When the rain falls from the sky,  
Pass the thoughts of days gone by  
From age's memory.

Yet the sunlight in the morning  
Forth again shall break,  
And the bells give sweet-voiced warning  
To the world to wake.  
Soon the winds shall freshly breathe  
O'er the mountain's purple heath;  
But the Past is lost in Death—  
He hath no memory.

## NEW BOOKS.

*To-Day.* A new and very pleasant literary journal is published in Boston, under this title, by Messrs. Redding & Co. It is edited by Mr. Charles Hale. Published every Saturday, at two dollars a year, or five cents a number.

The work is entirely original, and purely literary, not at all religious or political. The variety of subject and of treatment is very considerable, as may be seen by the contents of the first five numbers:—Tales; Notices of New Books (and of books not yet printed); The Fine Arts; The Electric Fire Alarm; Translations; Boston Lectures; Charades; Midnight at the Athenæum; Essays; Female Poets of every age, among which are specimens from Mrs. Noah (Sonnet to Shem, on entering the Ark); Mrs. Totmoses; Mrs. Mephibosheth; Mrs. X. Socrates (this lady does not sink her name in her husband's); Mrs. Brutus to her friend Mrs. Julius Cæsar; Boston Newspapers; Clubs; Music; Curiosities of Telegraphing; An Inauguration in Massachusetts, &c. &c.

☞ This is a real and valuable addition to the literature of to-day, and is especially interesting to all who have attachments to, or recollections of, Boston—whether at home or abroad. It has our best wishes.

MR. CHARLES ASTOR BRISTED has done good service, and that cheerfully and pleasantly, for American scholarship, in putting forth his *Five Years in an English University*. Of all sources of knowledge, we have had least knowledge of life in the English Universities. The general reader is often perplexed with allusions and terms he finds plentifully in classic and current literature of the mother country. Biography, romance, and magazine writing have a thousand references that are as much Greek to him as the Birds of Aristophanes; and unless he have, as he is not at all likely to have, one of the popular Guides to Oxford and Cambridge at hand, his imagination, in default of better resources, will have to supply his facts. At the present moment, too, the volume will be likely to have a fluent run in England. University reform is one of the engrossing topics of the day, in newspapers and other periodicals; and the light flung on the subject by this disinterested testimony of an American witness will be of great value in the adjustment of the controversy. From Mr. Bristed's estimate of classical erudition we are obliged to dissent. His own acquirements have rather run in that vein, and natural affection for that upon which labor has been bestowed, and a certain amount of vanity, perhaps, justly or unjustly founded, has biased his judgment. The time will soon be, if it is not now, when the amount of Latin and Greek derivable from a good etymological dictionary will be regarded as abundant for all practical purposes. The appendix to the work occupies a large share of the second volume, and contains specimens of the orations, exercises, and examination papers current at Cambridge. G. P. Putnam, No. 155, Broadway.—*N. Y. Times*.

RARELY are we indulged with a compendium of an extended work from the hands of the author himself. Tasks of that kind are counted as secondary, and fall to the lot of a recognized class of Pariahs in the literary community, whose name is book-maker—a compiler, and whose number is legionary. What is left of the book, after the evaporation, first carefully attended to, of its zealous spirit, and its general drift and moral, is a desiccated *caput mortuum* of extremely earthy particles. What is intruded as a miniature image of a mighty model, proves to be nothing but a disgusting skeleton. Mr. Layard has resolved that his book upon *Nineveh and its Remains* should be saved from such an unnatural reduction. He has labored to epitomize it so judiciously as to concentrate the interest as well as the language. In the smaller

book the incidents are packed closer, that is all. It has the whole marrow and pith of the original; and while descriptive details and antiquarian inquiries are less frequent, there is no poverty of needful explanations and illustrations. The wood-engraver, too, has done well in bringing the pictorial representations down to the size of the book, without lessening the number. The curious and scholarly will find the abridgment a powerful attraction to the larger work; every-day readers will be contented with the former. Harper & Brothers.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE MESSRS. HARPER, BROTHERS, are reïssuing the religious writings of JACOB ABBOTT, in a handsome form, and with the general title of the *Young Christian Series*. The *Young Christian*, the work which gives a name to the series, appeared many years ago, and attained immediately an unparalleled circulation in the religious world. Not only has it made its way into the several European tongues, but the Oriental dialects boast of favorite versions. The *Corner Stone* succeeded, and proposed to conduct the youthful believer into the perplexities of dogmatic theology, by a plain, familiar explanation of the cardinal doctrines. The task was necessarily an embarrassing one. The ground traversed was by no means neutral territory. Controversialists scoured it daily with lively animosity, and broke many a stalwart lance. And yet Mr. Abbott managed to make his way through without serious molestation. He was singularly fortunate in trenching on no theological toes; and his attractive summary of Christian doctrine has been received on all hands as a fair statement of the Gospel scheme. There are passages, certainly, we should be glad to see amended—that on the nature of the Deity, for instance, because it is liable to be mistaken for pantheism by the unreflecting; but there was no such apprehension or intention in the mind of the author. The present edition is tastefully adorned with engravings as allurements to careless readers.—*N. Y. Times*.

REDFIELD, of Clinton Hall, reprints, from the English edition, a volume of *Narratives of Sorcery and Magic*, from the most authentic sources, by Thomas Wright, M. A., F. S. A. An unpretending attempt at a history of delusion; executed with *con amore* devotion to the topic, and occasionally exposing the author to the charge of credulity. The stories are told with an earnestness that sometimes argues belief; and the few attempts to explain the miracles by resort to natural causes, are not successful. Lovers of the marvellous will find Mr. Wright's book a very budget of wonders.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE *Home Cyclopedia*, published by Mr. G. P. Putnam, is furnishing an exceedingly valuable body of information in narrow space. The fourth publication of the series, just issued, is the *Hand-Book of Useful Arts*, by Dr. Antisell, a very miracle of compression. Some 1500 articles, embodying a vast number of receipts, and processes in all the different lines of applied science, are crowded into less than half the number of pages; and illustrated with an amplitude of tables and woodcuts. As a more convenient manual than Ure or Brand, it will unquestionably become a favorite with the less profound students of science.—*N. Y. Times*.

THE *Book of Gold and Silver Coins and Bullion*, prepared by Messrs. Eshfeldt and Du Bois, of the Principal Mint at Philadelphia, published by Mr. Putnam, is a manual that should be in the hands of all money-brokers, bankers, and foreign merchants. It is made up with a degree of care and research that reflects the highest credit on the authors; and the account of the various coins in the mint illustrated by handsome plates.—*N. Y. Times*.